

COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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. With this number of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated Architectural Supplement.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE IN IRELAND.

VERY serious attention should be given to the facts about the new outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland, as they in the most convincing manner show the reasonableness of those who objected to a premature relaxation of restraint. Mr. T. W. Russell, in answer to a question in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon, stated that the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease had been confirmed in nineteen separate premises within a mile of the town of Mullingar. The animals were all connected with each other, having been grazing together in a town park and moved to and from the town for milking. The number slaughtered or being slaughtered was nineteen cattle, three pigs and one goat. News of the outbreak was published in the daily papers of last Saturday—that is to say, in the very number which contained a report of the debate on the subject in the House of Commons. In the course of that debate Mr. Runciman expressed his belief that the Department had not taken undue risks and had not issued a moment too soon the relaxation which he hoped before long it would be possible to extend. Previously, Mr. Russell had said that there had been no case of disease in Meath for something like seventy days. Immediately adjacent to the report of this debate is a paragraph to the effect that an outbreak was discovered among milk cows in the district

of Mullingar, Westmeath, on the very evening when these assertions were being made in the House of Commons.

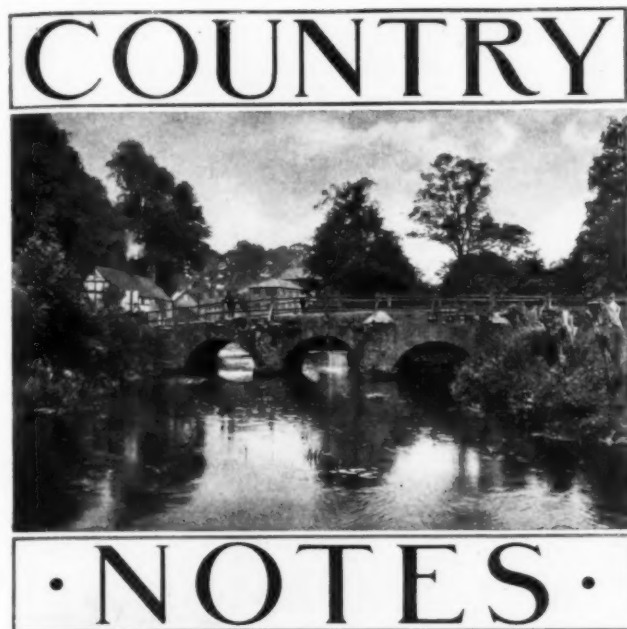
Another circumstance which is germane to the moral we desire to drive home is that the cause of this latest outbreak is wrapt in mystery. It was first stated in some of the papers that straw used in packing wine sent to some of the officers at the Curragh had been used as litter for pigs and so had disseminated contagion; but the story is not supported. Mr. T. W. Russell admitted, on Monday afternoon, that the origin of the outbreak was not ascertained, but there was no evidence, so far, to suggest the military barracks as the source of infection. In other words, the spread of the disease in this, as in so many other cases, remains an absolute mystery. We know that after one outbreak others are in the habit of following at long or short intervals. If we assume, as may very well be the case, that the first infection comes usually from the Continent, where several countries are never exempt from foot-and-mouth, then the question arises, in the case of the succeeding outbreaks, whether these have been spread by the cattle first attacked, or have been subject to a new infection from the Continent. The truth is that science, up to now, is puzzled, and finds the cause of foot-and-mouth spreading so widely a mystery. The exact agents that carry the infection are not fully known. They were partly indicated in a passage of Mr. Runciman's speech on Friday. He said it was impossible to eliminate the risks, and "there was always a certain element of risk so long as there were animals to breathe, winds to blow and birds to fly." But after the germs of contagion are conveyed, it has not yet been exactly ascertained how long they take to incubate. The first quarantine regulations were based on the assumption that they developed in ninety-six hours; but after this latest outbreak Mr. Runciman adopted what he called the further precautionary measure of extending the period of detention at the landing-places to fourteen days from the time of shipment. We have recapitulated these facts for a very definite reason. They show that neither the President of the Board of Agriculture nor the experts by whom he is guided are able to say definitely how the disease of foot-and-mouth is spread and the maximum time which it takes to incubate.

These are in themselves very sufficient reasons for forbidding the importation of store cattle from Ireland. We should be indeed surprised if the Sister Isle is able at any early date to get rid of the calamitous attack. Irish dairy farmers and peasant farmers have long been accustomed to certain ways with cattle that militate against getting rid of the disease. They very frequently rent several patches of land at a considerable distance from each other, and in Westmeath, where this outbreak has taken place, it is the commonest thing in the world to see the farmer removing his stock from one field to another at any time of the day. Moreover, the habit of grazing cattle on the roadside is inveterate. Mr. Runciman places a very great deal of trust in the Irish Constabulary, and no one qualified to speak is likely to withhold admiration from that highly qualified and vigilant body; but not even the Irish Constabulary can effect a reform of popular customs in the course of a few days or weeks. Again, it would be very needless flattery to say that hygiene is studied in the little Irish farm. We are well aware that very great progress has been made since the time when Mr. A. J. Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, but to this day the Irish have a habit of huddling together both themselves and their cattle and of stopping ventilation as far as can be done. Thus if disease once gets a footing in the island it will be very difficult to eradicate, and these successive outbreaks occurring one after another, almost at the very moment when optimistic Ministers were assuring their audiences that the danger had passed away, show that a sterner and more determined course will be necessary. If the ports of Great Britain had been shut to Irish cattle till the disease had been got under, a certain amount of sacrifice would have been involved, but the ultimate gain would have been worth it.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss Ivy Benson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benson of Buckhurst, Sussex. Miss Benson's marriage to Captain Hereward Wake will take place on October 30th. Captain Wake is the eldest son of Sir Hereward Wake, Bart.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



HOW to turn a due proportion of the boys of England into efficient seamen was the problem before the Conference that met on Monday in Spring Gardens. Its importance was fully recognised by a representative meeting, and excellent speeches were made by Mr. Geoffrey Drage, Lord Brassey, the President of the Chamber of Shipping, Lord Devonport and others. Nevertheless, it is impossible to draw a simple formula from these addresses. No one stated in simple terms the problem as it looks in the boys' homes. Throughout England there are, and we hope there always will be, a considerable number of boys who would like to go to sea either in the Mercantile Marine or in the Navy, but difficulties stand in the way that do not confront them when they wish to engage in any land career. We are talking of poor children, and the main fact in regard to them is that the whole of their expenses have to be found during their apprenticeship. If they were learning a trade at home, they would board and sleep with their brothers and sisters, and the parents would feel the charge much less than if they had to produce money for the purpose. But if they are sent to a training-ship, then the cost of their keep must be met in solid money. And, as Mr. Geoffrey Drage pointed out, there is not in existence at the present moment any simple and clear scheme for doing this. He pointed out that they wanted sailors, and boys wanted to be trained; but the necessity of training them was recognised by practically every other country in the world except Great Britain. Obviously, in addition to conferences such as this, where the attention of the country is attracted by oratory, there is needed a committee of business men who will draw up such a plain scheme as Mr. Drage showed to be called for, and obtain from the Government and the shipping companies the requisite funds for carrying it out.

There has been a regrettable want of frankness, both in Parliamentary and newspaper discussions, of the Secret Enquiry, and the inevitable result of the embroglio which has been produced must be the appointment of a Royal Commission. It is very well known that the reason for secrecy lies in the persistent rumours that the humbler members of rural society dare not expose their grievances because they would get into trouble with those who employ them. In disputes about rights of way and the enclosure of commons, much has been said about this difficulty of obtaining evidence; but we cannot recognise that as a plea for accepting statements which are often in the nature of mere gossip and not subjecting them to cross-examination or allowing those who are implicated an opportunity of making a reply. Legislation founded on such methods will never do in Great Britain, where, after all, there is a robust sense of justice. It was a false move to sanction the appointment of a secret committee, and it was also a very unwise one. There is much information which it would be advantageous to get together; but now there has been an element of strife introduced, and, instead of parties co-operating together for the general good, there is merely the old and weary spectacle of one party opposing another.

A great dealer in fruit, who for obvious reasons does not wish his name mentioned, has written to us an interesting letter on the question of marketing fruit as discussed by "F. W. H." in our issue of October 19th. Our contributor came fresh from the British Fruit Show, where there was on view an unrivalled exhibition of fruit. In quality it was unsurpassed, and the colour must have been a great surprise to those who are continually arguing that there is not enough sun to give English apples that alluring appearance which is acquired under sunnier skies. The correspondent in question thoroughly approves of the remarks made about packing and grading. He says that the retailer buys Colonial fruit simply because it is easy for him to sell. The fruit being graded and well packed, he is certain of obtaining his sale price before he makes an offer for the goods. Reference is made to the case of a Kentish grower who has registered his own mark, and sells only the best under that mark, the result being that he obtains half-a-crown a bushel over English market prices for apples. The suggestion is that small growers, if they joined themselves together into associations, might sell properly graded and packed fruit under a registered mark, as is done in the Colonies. Each apple should be wrapped in tissue giving the packer's mark. Our correspondent declares that this is the only way to create a retail demand, and without such a demand there is no market. He adds, "There is not only a sale here for English fruit (properly packed), but I have sold it at a good profit on Colonial markets."

A GREETING.

Whence hast thou come ?
From a wild-wood home,
Or far away where the sea-winds roam
And the moon has the tides in her keeping,
Steadfast ever, ever unsleeping ?
Welcome—welcome !

Thou hast the air
Of a wayfarer,
Ever alert to dream and dare,
Who has surely wrestled
With wind and hill-wind and wave so long
He has turned them all to a mad, wild song
Such as the eagle screamed as it nestled
In the very heart of the storm,
And the pine-woods rang
With mirth and creaked and murmured and sang !
Art thou not weary
Of storm and rain and the eagle's eyrie ?
Thy many toils—now cease therefrom !
Turn thine eyes, which fain would sleep,
Towards the sunset, towards the West,
O ! glad wanderer from the hillways steep
Welcome—and rest !

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The annual tennis professional handicap opened at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, on Monday, with a match between Wilson of Oxford and André of Queen's Club, London, Wilson giving the odds of one bisque. The match was a very close one, being eventually won by Wilson, 3 sets to 1. The last set was at one time called "four all." André was rather unsteady at critical points, and, in fact, actually forgot to take his bisque, which might have turned the tables. At 5-4 he led in the next game at 40-30, and his bisque would have made him 5 all, whereas he served an easy service and lost the game and the set after deuce had been called. André did most of the running, and was in less good condition than Wilson, who was not taking much out of himself. In the next match, A. Smith met "Punch" Fairs, who gave him the long odds of 1-30 owe 1-15, the match going to Fairs at 3 sets to love. Smith appeared very nervous, and did not do himself justice. Fairs' graceful, apparently careless game seemed to paralyse him, and he played without heart from the first. This week a number of matches will be played, the results of which will appear in our next issue. The amateur handicap at Manchester produced fair average form, and resulted in Mr. E. B. Noel beating Mr. Baerlein by 3 sets to 1, winning chiefly on his opponent's inability to deal effectively with his service. Neither Mr. Miles nor Mr. Lytton competed.

Nothing but an International agreement will serve to abate the enormous destruction of immature herrings that goes on by the trawlers. At the Great Yarmouth meeting held on Saturday last there was a very complete representation

of all the great interests concerned, including no fewer than eleven Members of Parliament, and speaker after speaker bore testimony to the wasteful destruction caused in large measure by the fine-mesh nets used by the trawlers. Mr. James Bloomfield, the convener of the meeting, said that the herring trawls allowed nothing to escape, not even spawn. One skipper had told him that for every seven baskets he put into his hold, twenty-four baskets had to be thrown overboard. Mr. Mitchell of Lowestoft said that he had seen millions of small herrings, soles, plaice, dab, skate and other fish brought in by the trawlers. They were little creatures only sufficiently emerged from the embryonic stage for the species to be identified. The proof of waste is indeed completely overwhelming; but, at the same time, it is not reasonable to expect one country to adopt a less deadly means of capture while rivals and competitors do not follow their example. The preservation of the herring supply is a matter of vital importance to every nation, and it ought not to be impossible to secure their co-operation in drawing up regulations that would stop a very uneconomic practice.

Now that the frost has seared most of the outdoor flowers, we have to rely on those that can be successfully cultivated and flowered under glass at this season. During recent years the number of kinds and varieties has been considerably added to, and now we have a wealth of good flowers for cutting and conservatory decoration during the late autumn and winter months. Foremost among these must be placed the perpetual-flowering carnations, the long stems and soft colours of which render them ideal flowers for cutting. At the Royal Horticultural Society's Show held on Tuesday last several groups of these flowers were staged, and it was interesting to note that a number of the newer varieties had the old clove scent that lends such an irresistible charm to a carnation. Hitherto, many of these perpetual-flowering varieties have been quite devoid of scent, an omission that has prevented many taking up their cultivation.

A busier morning and a lighter afternoon is the keynote of the new curriculum which the head-master, the Rev. Lionel Ford, has drawn up for Harrow. It was time for a change to be made. The education at Harrow has always been of a high character, but it is obvious that a scheme which was drawn up and put into operation in the year 1888 must now stand in need of revision to bring it into step with changing conditions. Mr. Ford may be congratulated on having drafted a curriculum that will appeal to all who are interested in the higher forms of teaching. The main features of it are that, Greek as far as young and backward boys are concerned, is relegated to a secondary position—these boys will be concentrated on one dead language, Latin; one modern language, French; English and mathematics; and the division into classical and modern science will not begin till the boys are out of the Fourth Form. Increased attention is to be given to English. Mr. Ford is not wrong in assuming that in modern times it is essential that a man following any sort of career should be able to express himself with precision and lucidity either in writing or in speaking. It appears to be a very sane view, too, that the work of the school should have its back broken before lunch-time. It is during these early hours that most can be obtained from fresh brains and keen attention. This will enable a certain relaxation in the afternoon and be good for the physical well-being of the children, to which end also Swedish drill is to be introduced.

On the Insurance stamps for Wales the Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of having a graceful leek engraved, has a daffodil. The substitution of the ornamental flower for the wholesome, if rather strong-smelling, vegetable aroused the curiosity of the Marquess of Tullibardine, who thought the matter of sufficient importance to raise it in Parliament. He asked what was the historical authority and what was the incident that occasioned the adoption of the daffodil. Probably Ministers would have been puzzled to find an answer, but Mr. Llewellyn Williams, the Member for the Carmarthen District, got in an explanation in the form of a question. It was "that the Welsh word for daffodil is *Ceninenn Pedr*, which, being interpreted, is Peter's leek." That may be so; but the Marquess of Tullibardine would certainly say it was not the leek which the irate Welshman made Sir John Falstaff swallow; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer could only give the lame excuse that, as a daffodil was used at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in 1911, a precedent was furnished for the use of it afterwards. We may therefore assume that Wales has given up the leek as a national emblem.

A word of welcome must be given to the London Society, which has been recently constituted. Its members, with the assistance of a strong council, are concerned to preserve for the metropolis its old charms, and to influence for good the new developments which are the necessary incidents of its expansion. London is so vast, and its public opinion so diffuse, that there has always been great difficulty in focussing the expression of sound and strong opinions. It may be hoped that the new society will fulfil this need, and that it will be supported strongly enough to ensure that necessary improvements shall not go by default nor vandal action be taken, without due pressure on Imperial and local authorities and on private individuals. Though we now have a Town Planning Act, official bodies are notoriously slow in utilising the powers they possess.

The prize distribution of the Leathersellers' Company's Technical College makes one reflect on the rapidly-changing attitude of English manufacturers to research work. Fifteen years ago the English tanning industry was conducted simply by rule of thumb, and chemists and other men of science were looked upon with hostility and suspicion. The feeling throughout the trade was that outsiders were to be discouraged in every possible way, in case they should discover the old routine secrets handed down through generations of foremen. The consequences of this policy were utter stagnation, an absolute lack of improvement in method and the gradual ousting of English tanned leather from the home market by the far cheaper and lighter American and German chrome-tanned products. The inauguration of the Leathersellers' Company's College shows that there has been a vast increase in common-sense among English manufacturers; unfortunately, the damage has been done, and save for a few large yards in the hands of a very small and very wealthy group of tanners, the English yards are closed, or show receipts which dwindle rapidly, as factory-made boots replace the older type made with oak-tanned and grease-stuffed leather; and it is only for making the best class of shoe-butts for soles and for saddlery that English tanned leather is used.

ET PUIS, BONSOIR!

A shadow in the street, Pierrot
Among the moonbeams stands,
Holding a rose-bud, white and rare,
Meant for your little hands.
Draw down the blind, Pierrette! we know
A bat might reach your hair,
And in the gold lie tangled there. . . .
Shut out Pierrot!

Look up the street, Pierrette, Pierrette;
Look down towards the sea.
There is no rich old man to woo you,
No prince on bended knee.
Draw down the blind;—no diamonds yet,
Only the rose he threw you;
The milk-white rose—he thought he knew you,
Pierrette, Pierrette!

Yet hair turns grey: one moonlight night
Pierrette may be alone.
Look out, stoop down, and keep it fast,
The heart that is your own.
Ah, but the empty street, all white!
Ah, has the shadow passed?

Since even love must sleep at last,
Pierrette, good-night!

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

At the Quebec Government offices in this country trial was made a good many weeks ago of a novel and, as it seems, most valuable mode of preserving flesh, fish and fruit, and we had hoped that before now we should have been hearing more of it. It consists in the main of placing the food which it is desired to preserve in a cylinder and then exhausting the tissue of the food itself, and also the air of the cylinder, of all microbes, without which the processes of decay are not set up, by the agency of carbonic acid gas. The experiment was made with some slices of fish, not absolutely fresh, in one instance, when put in, and after a fortnight's inclusion in the cylinder they were taken out as good as they went in. It is claimed that the principle can easily be applied to the preservation of large quantities, and that the cost (in gas, presumably) would be no more than two shillings for a ton of fish. Obviously it opens up large and various possibilities, and we have been expecting to hear of its trial on a far more extensive scale and over a longer period.

Last year we enjoyed the finest summer that is in the recollection of any of us, and this year we have suffered under one of the most inclement, yet it is as satisfactory as it is surprising to learn that the vintage is likely to be better and richer this season than last, while in both it is beyond comparison superior to the wretched grape crop of 1910. Our weather this year has been so changeable that we have perhaps forgotten that the early spring was unusually warm and fine, and that it followed a mild winter. These conditions, no doubt, gave the vines more than a commonly good start, and enabled them to endure an August which was cold and wet, beyond all former experience, not here only, but also in all the chief

wine-producing districts of France and Germany. September did its utmost, with bright sunshine, to repair the evil of August, with the result that the French and German vintage is said to be well up to standard. Southern Europe, the countries of port, sherry and Chianti, did not suffer from the same cold in the high summer, but the phylloxera has done some injury to the Southern vines. The growers of Northern Europe seem to have more knowledge and also more capital to enable them to fight the phylloxera than those in the South. On the whole, however, it would seem that the vintage is of better promise than had seemed at all possible only a few weeks ago.

INCIDENTS OF THE SEASON'S STAG-HUNTING.

WE little thought when Mr. Fenwick Bisset restored the ancient sport of the chase of the red deer on Exmoor that stag-hunting would reach the dimensions it has to-day. I can recollect the time when the size of the herd was a source of anxiety, and when hounds could scarcely afford to take a deer

average length and interest, but so far none of the great runs which generally mark an Exmoor season, and of which the Tiverton pack have their full share.

The photographs which illustrate this article show us the chase in quite a remarkable way from the stag point of view. The artist has been most fortunate in his selection of incidents,



H. E. Hall.

STAG GOES TO RIVER, IS BROUGHT TO BAY AND HANDLED.

Copyright.

every time they went out. The Devon and Somerset hunted on two days in the week, and there were no other staghounds in the district. Popularity of the sport, and the prosperity it brought to all classes on the moor, caused the deer to be carefully preserved, until at last it is difficult for two packs working regularly to keep the herd in due bounds.

Some years ago the present Sir John Amory started a pack of staghounds to hunt the outlying deer on the Tiverton side of the country. Mr. Ian Amory was the first huntsman, and with two amateur whippers-in he used to hunt stags and hinds as opportunity offered. Mr. Ian Amory laid the foundation of his reputation as a huntsman, and gradually the pack became a thoroughly organised one, and when he left the hounds to his brother, Captain H. Heathcote Amory, late of the Coldstream Guards, they were able to advertise regular fixtures and to enjoy a season almost as long as that of the parent pack. During the late stag-hunting season Captain Amory has had, like the Devon and Somerset, a good but not an extraordinary season of sport. There have been a large number of chases of

and "stag goes to river, is brought to bay and handled," is one of the most remarkable snap-shots I have ever seen of a hunting subject. One photograph shows us the stag breaking into the open through the heather and bracken; the tufters have been stopped, but he has decided to seek some quieter retreat. Very characteristic is the attitude and bearing of the red deer stag in the pride of his freshness and of his strength. It is the characteristic of the stag, the lord of the forest and the moor, to trust in his strength and at first to despise his foes. An October stag, in all the fulness of his vigour and strength, feels himself equal to distance any foes and to beat off any attack. I do not believe that the stag going away, as this one is represented as doing, is ever troubled by fears or anticipations of the end; indeed, has he not already shaken off his foes? There is a silence after the tufters are stopped, and he seems to have nothing to do but to seek some quieter refuge. Some change has come over the stag when we see him again; his whole attitude, as he trots over the Hele Meadows, is one of strained attention; he is listening to the voices of his foes; he has tried to shift pursuit



H. E. Hall.

BREAKING INTO THE OPEN THROUGH HEATHER AND BRACKEN.

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on to another stag, and has failed to obliterate his foil by rolling in the stream and by making his way up or down the swiftly-running Exmoor torrent beds in hopes that the water may wash out his tracks. But it has all been in vain; if anything, the note of the horn and the clamour of the hounds seem to come nearer as he himself finds the way longer and his strength failing. There is a great deal of running left in the stag in the second picture; but I fancy I read in his attitude and action that he feels a possible rising of natural fear as to the end of the chase. Possibly not much further on he will stop, turn a short way back exactly on his tracks, and then, with a mighty

spring, will seek concealment some yards to the right or left of the line he has been taking in some thicket or bracken-covered hollow. Here he will lie very close, perfectly still and, so long as he is still, giving no scent, his antlers pressed down close upon his back, his head stretched along the ground, crouching into a marvellously small space and not easily moved, a device which has succeeded before, and often will again. The hounds may overrun the line, may strike the foil of a fresh deer, may even be unable to discover his retreat. As he lies there, with every sense alert, he recognises that, for the time, his foes are baffled. Backwards and forwards the hounds quest eagerly, some of



H. E. Hall.

THROUGH HELE MEADOWS.

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the older ones believing the quarry to be at hand, but not able to acknowledge the scent. A young hound may even jump over him and he will not move; but on this occasion fortune is not on his side. A horseman rides up to the very place and looks down at the stag. At first, so perfect is the concealment and the quietude, he sees nothing at all, but possibly a flick of one of the long, sensitive ears betrays the stag. A horseman, with a crack of his thong like a pistol shot, rouses the stag, who gets up with a plunge and a bound and nearly frightens the horse out of his wits. In a moment the woods are filled with the eager clamour by

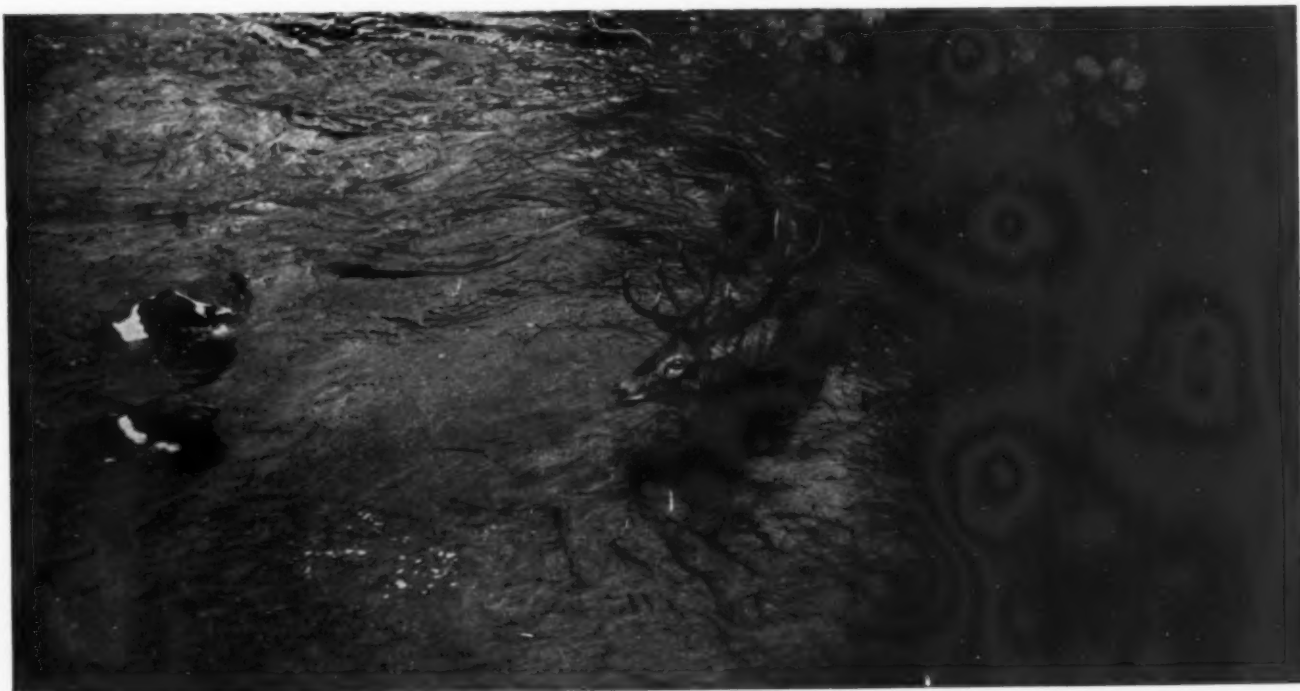
perfectly safe as far as the hounds are concerned; nevertheless, the end is not far off. Through the bushes, even now perhaps, one of the Hunt servants is creeping with a lasso, and once this is thrown over those spreading antlers the end is swift and decisive. But it may come another way. A man may miss his shot, but the disturbance behind may cause the stag to move on into deep water, where the hounds, clamouring round him, will drown him in a few seconds. Another form of the end is shown us when stags take to the sea, as they often do in Porlock Bay, so that quite a large proportion of stags come to their end in the Bay of Porlock, and the fishermen,



H. E. Hall.

TAKING THE STAG AT SEA.

Copyright.



H. E. Hall.

BROUGHT TO BAY IN THE RIVER.

Copyright.

which the pack declare that their stag is fresh found. Very soon the stiffness of his long rest wears off, and he may easily baffle hounds for an hour or more; but the pace at which hounds are able to drive a fresh-found stag begins to tell, and he goes rolling and staggering down to the river, with one hound baying fiercely on his track, with just that sort of rolling, lumbering action which the artist has caught to perfection in the third and most lifelike of our pictures. The next stage is the stag standing at bay in the water. He is firmly planted on his legs, the hounds have to swim, and as long as he can sustain the attitude in which we see him he is practically

when hounds are in the neighbourhood, generally keep a boat in readiness to go in pursuit of the swimming stag. Stags have been known to swim out so far to sea as to be picked up by passing coasters. Generally the stag is lassoed and brought back to shore by the boat, as I daresay visitors to Porlock may have seen many a time. The instinct which impels the hunting stag to water, and especially to the sea, is a remarkable one, but is no doubt partly based on his consciousness of his powers of swimming, and on that great confidence in his strength and resources which is one of the characteristics of the red deer of Exmoor.

T. F. DALE.

IMPRESSIONS OF A GREAT DOG SHOW

ILLUSTRATED BY G. D. ARMOUR.



JUDGING SPORTING TEAMS.



FIDO'S TOILET.

WHEN Victoria Station was in process of rebuilding you may have noticed that huge pile-driving mechanism, in which a great weight was hoisted up on chains and then released. One morning a little boy, pertinacious and enquiring as most little boys are, said to his mother in my hearing: "What are they doing there, mother?" "Oh, I don't know," came the reply; "driving a nail, I suppose." Some such simile as this inevitably occurs to one on visiting a great dog show for the first time, when a big man may be seen putting a tiny toy terrier through its paces in the ring. So much effort seems to be expended upon a comparatively trivial object; trivial, that is to say, from the point of view of the inexperienced. Those who have once succumbed to the glamour, however, will realise that it is a very serious matter indeed. Standing by the ring-side, even when there are not two such incongruous objects in conjunction as the big man and the little dog, one yet sees innumerable incidents that inevitably awaken one's sense of humour. The many-sidedness of human nature also becomes apparent, for in this limited space we have, if we do but know it, a microcosm of the greater world. Notice the apparent indifference of the man in the corner. He is doing just sufficient to bring out the points of his exhibit without over-doing it, and with no effort to take unfair advantage of his rivals. At once you classify him as an old hand and good sportsman, who takes victory without elation, and only remarks when he loses that "opinions may differ legitimately." The charming lady so neatly groomed,

wearing a skirt that only suggests the prevailing fashion, is a striking contrast to her neighbour, whose fettered extremities cause her to look grotesque as she struggles from one end of the arena to the other in a simulated endeavour to run. Both have one characteristic in common—they are in deadly earnest, with eyes first fixed appealingly upon the judge, and then turned upon Fido or Tray to see that limbs and tails and heads are all nicely arranged. "Novitiate" is written all over the man near by, who is constantly harassing his unfortunate animal, never letting him rest a moment, even when the judge's attention is elsewhere engaged. Apart from this, the brand-new collar and chain would betray him.

About the gentleman in the middle of the ring, the sun round which the lesser planets revolve! If he be a wise judge, with a knowledge of his business, he has the dogs walked by him first in a body, then individually they must trot and canter up and down, at the end of which process he will have reached a definite conclusion that a certain number are hopelessly out-classed. To those of merit he will make his commendations and so forth, and dismiss them in order that the remainder may be gone over in detail. Few have the hardihood to do as a well-known Yorkshire character once did when confronted with a number of real bad specimens. Casting a contemptuous glance over them, he waved his hands and said, "Tak' 'em all oot." And out they had to go, without a single prize among them all. At last the weeding-out process is complete, but four or five remaining behind for further appraisal and



S.S.G.

ONE OF NATURE'S LITTLE JOKES.

comparison, until the great autocrat has made up his mind. As they pass back to the benches, the wearer of the red rosette is heard to murmur:

A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.

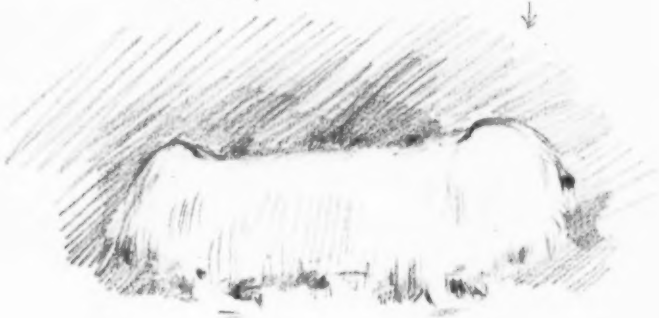
To one who has been through the mill for many years, these little incidents have drifted into the commonplace; but, as

A WORK OF ART



A DOG

THE HEAD



BOREDOM



S.S.G.

DRAWING HIS FEET



I escorted some ladies through the great show of the Kennel Club at the Crystal Palace last week, first impressions were aroused again in my mind on hearing their amused comments. What entertained them most, however, were the last touches being lavished upon the toilets of some of the exhibits before being subjected to the ordeal of the judicial scrutiny. Mr. Armour's sketch, "Fido's Toilet," is but typical of much that may be seen in the section devoted to the toys. So much brushing goes on up to the last moment, even in the ring itself, that

who house them in the kitchen dresser or a similarly warm place. Long before the puppyhood stage has been passed the feet are encased in stockings to prevent scratching, daily brushings are given and the coat is constantly kept dressed with the finest olive oil or cocoanut oil to which the smallest percentage of paraffin has been added. Outdoor exercise, of course, has to be restricted to the driest weather. I am glad to say that Major Polson, who judged last week, is a keen advocate of more rational treatment.

Maltese, too, are so smothered in coat that unless the "fall" is tied back the vision is quite obscured. An ordinary man is much handicapped in dealing with a breed in which profusion of coat plays such an important part, and if he would woo success he must first woo and win a wife who is interested in his hobby, for the ladies are far greater adepts at this sort of thing than we are. If they once take a thing in hand, difficulties which would deter the other sex after a few experiments present no anxieties to them.

Perhaps I may lay myself open to a charge of indolence in expressing my preference for short-coated dogs that need no further preparation than plenty of exercise to round up their feet and make the muscles hard, and vigorous grooming for the purpose of imparting a bloom to their jackets. You will notice the difference in walking round the benches prior to the judging. Mr. Armour's spirited sketch of one of Captain Godfrey Heseltine's Basset-hounds is entitled "One of Nature's Little Jokes." I am not so sure that Nature is a humorist in this case, the general opinion being that Bassetts were bred down from bigger congeners to suit the needs of French sportsmen who wanted a short-legged hound for working in gorse and scrub. Unfortunately, the entry was not large at the Palace, but it included some good ones from the Billericay pack, as well as three beautiful roughs from Queen Alexandra's kennels. In "Judging the Sporting Teams" the artist has been happy enough to put in the foreground Lord Linlithgow's beautiful pocket beagles, which it was a delight to see on the benches side by side with a fine entry from Mr. W. R. Crofton. In the same picture we note the heads of Mr. H. Reginald Cooke's retrievers, winners of the special for the best team, and Mrs. Edmunds' handsome bloodhounds were second.

There was a good deal about the show that an outsider cannot pretend to understand thoroughly. Some reference has been made to the painstaking toilet and grooming of the animals; but there is also the question of handling them in a manner to accentuate their good points in the eyes of the judge. We were told by those who have paid attention to the business that this practice was

not indulged in to so great an extent on this as on some other occasions; but to the eye of a plain lover of dogs it would seem that the only right way in which to bring an animal before the judge is in a state of complete freedom. No human hand should be in contact with him in any way whatever. The judge should be able to see the dog stand on his own legs and hold himself exactly as he does when no eye is upon him. The trickery that makes a dog show off his good points before the judicial eye adds nothing to the value of the animal and should be made impossible.



JOTTINGS IN THE RING.

surely not a single hair can be awry. But this is nothing compared with the trouble undergone by the fond mistresses several weeks before the important event. Mr. Armour calls the poodle "A Work of Art." If he had been behind the scenes he would have sketched a Yorkshire terrier instead, for to grow those profuse coats that drag the ground, entirely concealing the outline of what is actually a smart little terrier, demands much skill and knowledge, and the unfortunate creature is compelled to lead an exotic existence altogether foreign to his active nature. Many of the best specimens are reared by working-men,



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE. THE REFORMING ANGELS.

BY
CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.



HOW he had come to love her, Rachel could not think. It was just one of those blinding cataclysms which happen at intervals of centuries. A few minutes since she had been her plain, insignificant mouse-like self, and now she was the woman Simon Burnett loved.

The cornfield stretched to the cliff edge, and the Atlantic breakers were racing in upon the beach, far, far below under the full blaze of an August sky. And there they sat, she in her old white serge, shrunk and skimpy through much washing, and he in his white flannels, with great shoulders, and his statuesque Greek face, perhaps a little heavy, but glowing like burnished bronze with the tan the wind and sea had brought.

It had happened so quickly. A week ago they had met as they all walked up from the station, an earnest band of art students. Professor Langrish only accepted workers. The visit to a French fishing village had been an immense event to Rachel and her family. They were rather nervous of letting her come alone, but the Professor had advised it, and Mrs. Langrish undertook to find rooms and look after the party. No one had dreamed that Rachel needed chaperoning. She was so dowdy and dust-coloured, and her interests had always lain heart-wholly in her painting. It was the first time anything like this had happened to Rachel; but when a young man asks if you could ever care for him, even ever so little, it could mean only the one thing.

"Oh, I don't know," said Rachel, trembling, but looking straight at him with dilated star-bright eyes. "I couldn't say without thinking."

"I know. I knew directly I saw you," said Burnett, turning on one side and gazing out to sea.

Rachel was silent again because her thoughts were dancing up and down in blind confusion. If she had ever thought about herself, she would have said without any emotion she was commonplace: not interestingly ugly, but like most other girls who worked hard. Looks and attractiveness belonged to a different sort. There were pretty girls in the party: girls whom men admired. How could Burnett have thought of her?

Her astonishment neutralised all other feelings. She stole a shy glance at Burnett and saw where his crisped hair was bleached lint white on his temples. He was clever, too—had had pictures in the "Salon" and "New English."

Had not someone said he wrote poetry? Rachel volunteered a faltering question.

"I've written some, to you," said Burnett.

"Me," said Rachel. It was really breath-taking.

"I'll read you the last," said he, and pulled out the back of an old envelope and read something about shadows, and movements on a blind, and eyes like stars through mist, and cold pure springs, and haunting wraiths.

Part of it made Rachel colour to her ear-tips, but when it was finished she knew that something truly serious had happened, so serious as to be frightening: for the man who could write that of her must see something that no one else did, and his love could not be refused.

She could not answer, so deep was her feeling, but her parted lips and intense eyes showed how solemnly she was entering into the occasion, and Burnett edged a little nearer and put out his hand in an insidious way, and, somehow, was holding hers. After that he kissed her, and Rachel trembled and just kept consciousness.

The high corn shut them in and only the gulls could see. She heard that her hair was the colour of the bloom on grapes, and her eyelids were the keepers of jewels: and when she opened them on him, he turned dizzy at the sight of such treasures. No young man had ever said as much as "Dear" to Rachel before this. It was as if a wonderful personality was being disclosed and proved to her as her own. The revelation was stupefying.

He told her all about himself, too, disclosing intimate news of his career and his ambitions and his temperament. Rachel had only loved painting since she was a little girl, and had drawn everything she saw upon her school books; then she had won a scholarship, and her family had made sacrifices and sent her to London where

the Art School seemed the apotheosis of a training; but he had already been to Italy, and Munich, and Paris, and painted because that medium was the one for his supreme self-expression.

"Which after all, is the one end of Man," said he, using the capital and assimilating himself in a grand sort of way with the Race.

"I suppose so, for people who are great," said Rachel, from depths of abasement. She was a mere recorder of what she saw.

"D'you know, I feel I have got something in me that other people haven't. One can't help knowing," said Burnett. "Oh, you don't know what it means to have someone to whom I can say what I really feel: someone who understands. It'll be the making of me. Now I can do what I want to do. It's as if your understanding has unloosed me. Isn't it wonderful how one knows? Directly I saw your little intent face as you came up the street with the Professor, not seeing anything but him, I said to myself, 'If she would only look at me like that': and now it's happened. I'm to be allowed to talk to you as much as I like, eh?"

"Yes," whispered Rachel, shy still. He was so overwhelmingly wonderful. It was almost too great a responsibility to think of having to live up to him. She registered a vow to try to be worthy of the gift. She would work twice as hard, read more, struggle to keep up higher ideals. Even so, she must always be on an inexpressibly lower altitude. She looked very serious as she sat there, staring at the sea with solemn eyes: and when he asked the reason, told him simply that she was so unworthy.

He took up both her hands in his, and knelt and pressed them to his lips and swore allegiance. There was no getting away from the high charge that had been brought to her. How high it was she did not realise then.

The fulness of the trust came out some days later, when she had begun to worry about what her people would say. "They've spent a lot upon my education," she murmured, for Burnett was very firm about women being womanly and men taking the entire responsibility and shielding the girls they loved from the need of doing anything but housework.

"I don't mind women understanding a man's work," said Burnett. "They need education, I suppose, to do that."

Rachel's brow was knitted: she could not feel sure her people would have stinted as they had done, for that end. They had hoped that Rachel would earn money as a portrait painter.

"Still, our understanding isn't any concern of your people's," said Burnett, easily. "Friendship is always desecrated when the outside world is let in with its sordid view. Ours must be guarded sacredly."

Rachel drew a deep sigh. While it was a relief not to tell her people, it did not seem quite straight not to.

"You see, nobody could understand us, except each other," said Burnett in his deep voice, and they paced on along the sands in the darkening twilight, while grey clouds hung heavily low down on the water and the long waves invaded the shore with a perpetual rasp and hissing sigh.

Rachel tried to ease her conscience by keeping steadfastly at work and refusing Burnett's lures to go further afield with him. She had deserted the class one day, under promise of a better subject some distance away, and had done nothing. Burnett sulked and was angry and reproachful, but Rachel could not be moved from paying the debt she felt she owed to the people who had sent her there. She became paler under the crossfire of her work and Burnett. He was overcome one evening when he discovered how he worried her. The next morning he actually appeared at the right hour, took his place among the others, and worked well for the next few days: and Rachel got a little colour. Then they had a quarrel because she insisted on obeying the Professor in some technical point instead of following his idea: and Rachel was deserted for three days and passed through an eternity of suffering. When he came back to her he was frightened again at the dark circles round her eyes and the whiteness of her face. She did not cry and cling to him or reproach him; she endured. He found himself asking her forgiveness.

The end of the visit was very near now; Rachel dreaded going back. He had come into her life, here, and was part of this experience.

Everything was unconventional and different; but she was going back to her home for the remainder of the holidays. They would talk of her future, of the days when she would have a studio of her own, and she would have to sit feeling a liar and an "ingrate."

She could not tell Burnett, however. His ideal of friendship was so much freer, so much nobler than her prosaic woman's way of looking at such things. He was above all petty ties. On their last evening, she stammered out once more her feeling of unworthiness: it seemed only honest to tell him she was afraid she could not ever rise to him, even at the cost of losing the great gift of his love. But he only laughed and told her he was satisfied. She understood him, and that was all that mattered.

She faltered out something about the future: and he said they would spend it together. And then the path led on to the cliffs, with the sea booming on the rocks below, and a magnificent sunset blazing in the West and turning all the waves to molten gold—and Burnett took off his hat like one inspired and burst into ideas about Eternity.

No one was surprised when Burnett had a reaction on his return to town and haunted the flats of frivolous associates. Rachel would have been, but she was in Staffordshire and did not know.

She was secretly grateful that his letters were so few, so Burnett pleased himself and everyone. Rachel came back to town at the moment when a certain Dollie Butterly's engagement to a Viscount filled the papers; and Burnett met her at the station and was genuinely glad to see her. He introduced her to his studio, and they frequented museums and went down to Richmond Park and Kew and Hampstead Heath and made the most of the short autumn days. Then Burnett joined a poetry society, and instantly met an "affinity."

Rachel worked all the harder and entered with unexpected boldness the competition for a travelling scholarship. She knew nothing of Burnett's new interests, and accepted his statement that he was working with great thankfulness. It spurred her on to higher energy. Occasionally they met and she listened to his poetry with profound appreciation. Then he brought the news he was going to Italy, and she felt a little lost and lonely, but nerved herself to be unselfish and rose again. After two months of gradually waning picture postcards, she heard that Burnett was engaged to the daughter of a millionaire, whom he had met at an hotel. The news came in an unprepared way at the life class. Burnett had not written for weeks.

Rachel went through the tortures of the damned for three days, and then received Burnett's letter. He told her bluntly he had two sides to his nature, and had never shown her, and never would show her, the unworthy one. All that was best in him she had always had and always would have. Their understanding and their love must still remain as by a natural law. Neither could help themselves. She was his appointed inspiration, guide and guardian angel, and wherever he was he should always know that, and turn to her whenever he was in need. He was glad—yes, glad—that Fate had settled their love was always to remain ideal and purified by the fires of an eternal renunciation. He concluded by saying he had nothing to ask her to forgive, because all she had ever loved in him was still unalterably hers.

Rachel read the letter a great many times, and went down to the school with eyes like a martyred Saint's on whom Heaven is opening. She received the news that she had gained one of the travelling scholarships with the simple thanks of one who receives her crown and palm. She could also talk to her people of her future now with a free conscience.

Rachel went abroad and improved in dress and bearing; the trust of Burnett's love gave her a quiet air of being apart. She wore white as much as possible. Her work increased in strength and she became successful.

Burnett came to see her when she returned to town and set up a studio. He was stouter, but looked well. He lived with his wife and her father in Mount Street, and let fall the fact that he had taken up roller-skating. He had a studio, of course, and was sending to the Academy. He came again; he did not speak much of his wife, but hinted that Rachel supplied his only spiritual nourishment. Rachel invested in a tea-gown of white samite, and had pot plants of lilies. She did better and better as a portrait painter, and was asked out to fashionable people's houses.

One day a neat and slender, but not particularly beautiful, American presented herself and desired her portrait "taken." She posed easily and Rachel did her best. She was fond of talking, and put Rachel through a voluble examination of her tastes and tendencies, during which her creed of loyalty and devotion somehow was extracted.

When the last sitting was through, the young woman put on her gloves, adjusted her hat, and told Rachel she must ask her for five minutes longer, as she was Burnett's wife. "I thought this was the best way of getting to know you," she volunteered.

Rachel remained like a statue, staring at the self-possessed, bright-eyed, intelligent young woman who was patting out the wrinkles in her gloves.

"I had to come," said she. "A man cannot have two inspirations, especially a poet. I think I've got to know you pretty

well while I've sat here, and I believe I can talk sense to you. Do sit down. It's more cosy, isn't it?"

Rachel sat down because she did not know what else to do.

She had never, never thought of Burnett's wife as having ideas on the subject of her and Burnett's friendship.

"Of course, I've known about you from the beginning," continued Mrs. Burnett, brightly.

"How?" gasped Rachel.

Mrs. Burnett gave an expressive smile.

"Well, my dear, you don't think an artist ever loses an opportunity of disclosing a romance," said she, quaintly. "Burnett felt he had to tell me, too. Perhaps I haven't appreciated his poetry enough. I know I am practical. I've been my father's secretary and brought up on figures. Now you and Burnett have been trained on fairy-tales. I can see you talk another language. But I don't know that it's a healthy one, at any rate for Burnett. Besides, he wants to paint, not poetise. A man can't spread his fire."

"I don't understand," said Rachel, lifting her chin as if she were guarding something very holy.

"What has he ever given you?" said Mrs. Burnett, looking sorry for Rachel.

"Inspiration," said Rachel. "The power to work—live. I owe all I am to him. He found me without any courage or self-confidence, and he lifted me up to a height from which one couldn't descend."

She faced the other woman with shining, tear-filled eyes. What had not Burnett done?

"Well, in return, then," said Mrs. Burnett, still sorry but businesslike, "do the same for him: give him a chance to grow."

"That's what I've done," said Rachel.

"What does he talk about?" said Mrs. Burnett.

"Himself; never of me," cried Rachel.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Burnett. "And do you think it's good for him to take all the cake without having to give you so much as a crumb? My dear, supposing there was a tramp who had two patrons; one saw he gave a fair return for every meal, and the other let him have anything he wanted any time without letting him feel a single duty or responsibility belonged to him. Which of the two would be doing the tramp most good?"

"You mean—" said Rachel, wilting with parted lips.

"I mean business," said Mrs. Burnett, smartly. "Just plain business. From what I can see, most women have let Burnett have just what he thought he wanted, never thinking as to whether it was good for him. Now I take a genuine interest in Burnett. His type appeals to me, always has done, and I think there's a lot that's specially nice about him. I love his ideas. They're so uncommon. In fact, there's nothing left to complain about now this is settled."

"You mean you want us never to see each other again," said Rachel, ready, oh! ready for any sacrifice.

"Oh, dear no," said Mrs. Burnett, getting up with her unfailing briskness. "You'll see now for yourself. When he next comes just you listen, and then ask yourself if it's strengthening for an emotional young man to have a room like this and a young woman like you to come to whenever he's sorry for himself. See that he gets a fair share of your problems and your worries. And come round and criticise his work. I'll be glad to see you. We've a lot of tastes in common, I am sure."

"You don't mind!" said Rachel, fully awake now to the horror of the thoughtless, wicked wrong she had done this simple girl.

"Mind!" said Mrs. Burnett. "Do you think I'd have married Burnett if I hadn't felt capable of dealing with events that might arise? Bless you, I know him through and through, but I'm real fond of him. I want to see him grow into the fine fellow he is. He's losing his foolishness. It isn't all his fault. It's just that women aren't trained up on a business basis. Everything must be on a business basis, don't you think? Besides, one has to be fair to one's self if one is to be fair all round. It isn't fair for Burnett to be thinking you're the top notch in his helping influences, now is it? It's not fair to you, for he's no right to take your loyalty and make you talked about as a return. And it's not fair to me, for the one who's got to live with him has the real responsibility."

"I'm sorry," said Rachel, and came across the boards with outstretched hands.

Mrs. Burnett took one and shook it with good feeling.

"He's a dear fellow," said she. "I like artists, don't you? But he must wake up. You'll send the portrait, won't you? I think it'll be so good for him to have it to compare. He's doing me for the Academy. Of course, I think he paints superbly, but one can always pick up hints. I've paid for yours, so it's quite fair. Good-bye."

And then it was as if a clean fresh wind had gone out of the studio, and Rachel stood alone.

When Burnett came, he found an intense young woman in a coat and skirt, who was singularly uninterested in his dissatisfaction with the materialism of everyday existence, and who kept up the conversation with tedious insistency on to the misdoings of her plumber.

Rachel cried a good deal when he left; but in her heart she was profoundly grateful that Mrs. Burnett had been given the trust. In that hour, when she had had to concentrate on really doing Burnett good, she saw the task was beyond her.

TROUTING WITH THE CLEAR-WATER WORM.

WHERE lures other than artificial fly are permissible, the scientific use of the worm in clear water when rivers are at low summer level, and fly-fishing next to hopeless, will often provide a very respectable creel of trout, some of the best in the water. Nor is it true that worm-fishing is the unfair, poaching and destructive sort of angling which many purists ignorantly aver it to be. Unless tolerably conversant with the art, fishermen would quickly discover that even with this much-decried bait, trout are not to be beguiled by a neophyte in the dog days. No matter how glaring the sun, how calm and sultry the day, or how attenuated the stream, the man who knows how to use the worm may go a-fishing in the full assurance of being able to present his friends with a dish, not to mention the personal enjoyments of a day spent in delightful surroundings, and the pleasure of playing and landing many a good fish. To any fisherman, therefore, who would make the most of the brief span of angling allotted to us mortals, some conversation on this science may prove useful, and enable him to further enjoy country life.

Artists differ as to the best length of rod, most North countrymen inclining to double-handed weapons of fifteen feet or so, with which far-off spots are more easily negotiable, while others prefer single-handed rods of eleven and a-half feet to twelve feet. The last are certainly more handy, but the angler must please himself, remembering that a light and fairly supple rod answers best in either case. The winch may be an ordinary easy check, and the line a fine level fly line. The taces need never exceed five feet of fine refina tapered to remucha gut, the last being the finest undrawn gut known, mounted with Pennell tackle, viz., two tiny short-shanked hooks about size 13 (old scale) whipped on reversely with pink silk, and not more than one inch apart. I should always recommend a pellet of No. 4 shot to be pinched on seven inches above the upper hook, as it not only assists in casting and placing the bait, but sinks it sufficiently and slows its progress in rapid currents.

With all apologies to Charles Cotton, I strongly advise having nothing to do with brandlings, which are not natural trout food; and though hungry fish will take them, they are generally only minced with and rejected. After using them for many years, I finally discarded them from the following experience. While fishing an Irish river with brandlings, and getting many, but half-hearted, bites, I chanced on a water-bailiff of great local reputation as an angler. His basket disclosed a splendid take, several of the trout running to one and a-half pounds and two pounds weight. I told him of my poor success, and he examined my bait. "Faith, an' no wondher," said he. "Arrah, throw them things away; they may get a throuth now an' again, but here's what you can depend on always," and he showed me his bag of small Blue-heads. Since it is the common earthworm that is washed out of the banks and carried down stream, such are what trout naturally look for, and of these the Blue-head ranks first. Very nearly as good are the pinkish grey worms with an orange-coloured knot, to be also found in damp road sidings, and both kinds can be dug up in any garden. A supply can be stored in any large receptacle filled with damp moss, from which sufficient for a day's fishing can be carried in a tin box with hinged lid, worn on a strap round the waist, which is much more convenient than a bag. In clear-water worm-fishing, wading is absolutely necessary. But this should be a slow and gentle performance. Getting into the water at the tail end of a rippling stretch, and taking care to front the sun, as shadows thrown on the stream would

infallibly scare all trout in the vicinity, the fisherman casts up stream, at first searching the water near him with a short line, which is gradually lengthened until that place is worked out. He will then proceed, by slow degrees, up to the head of the stickle, adopting similar tactics all the way. Now that trout are lusty and strong, the swiftest currents will hold them, and quick shallows of only a few inches in depth are very likely places. In extremely bright weather it is advisable to stoop a little, and at times to even kneel in shallow water. The entire body cannot be kept too motionless, in which respect observe another trout-fisherman, the heron. Also, straw hats, white collars and conspicuous clothes should be exchanged for dull tweeds and cap. When wading, trout will permit a much nearer approach than in bank-fishing, and in the last, over deep water, all approaches should be made on the knees, and advantage taken of bushes, high weeds or other concealment. Trout invariably lie facing the current, so by casting up stream the angler not only gets behind them, but brings his lure down stream in the direction a worm would naturally travel. Should a stickle run deepest on the far side, first work out the shallower edge before trying the deeper part. If the reverse be the case, try under the near bank first. Where a rock rises over a promising eddy, cast the worm upon it and pull it gently in. Accurately placing the bait, especially when casting under drooping foliage, will come by practice and experience. Careless casting and splashes tend to scare fish, and may be avoided by very slightly raising the point of the rod just as the cast is completed. In long casting, when the reel-line might show too much in the water, a little mucilin, or even vaseline, rubbed over it will float it. On no account should the worm be allowed to sink much. The rod will be raised after the cast, and the worm kept eight inches or less under the surface, save in the deep runs or pools, where it may travel much lower. Also, with a long line out, some slack can be taken in with the left hand as the bait comes down. In pools well ruffled by wind, should a good fish be noticed rising, it is an excellent plan to drop the

bait lightly just below where the trout came up. The usual indication of a bite will be the sudden stoppage of the line, accompanied by a faint feeling of life at the end. If stopped by a snag, the last will be absent. It is here that the expert scores. Instead of rashly striking too soon, he will lower his rod and ease off to the fish for at least four seconds, then strike sharply, but not violently, in the down stream direction. If the trout moves off with the bait after the first touch, the rod will follow,



C. A. Brightman.

AN AWKWARD CATCH.

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or it may be well to pay out a little slack line. These precautions are to prevent a fish from feeling the least resistance, lest it eject the worm, as well as to give it sufficient time to get the hooks well inside the mouth. In using such fine gear, the angler should know what amount of strain he can safely put on a hooked fish. Generally speaking, a moderate, steady strain is safest, to be only increased when the trout fights to get to weed or other obstacles. If a large trout be hooked with a short line, be ready to pay out some more by hand to ease the tackle to its first mad rushes. Bring hooked fish down stream to obviate scaring others above, and do not use the net till they are exhausted and come to the surface. In netting a trout, the line should not be reeled in too short, or the fish cannot be towed within reach with the rod held vertically. Keep an eye on baits, and when a worm becomes lifeless or injured by bites, replace it. It will be seen from the foregoing that this worm-fishing is not the simple and river-clearing matter which many believe it to be. There are times when, for some occult reason, trout will not look at worms. If this

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CLEAR AND STILL.



Ward Muir.

CLEAR AND SWIFT.

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is proved by sufficient trial, the angler can sit down and rest. The most unfavourable conditions are when a river is clearing after a freshet; trout are then glutted with such food. Success in this branch of the gentle craft on hot summer days gives

many happy hours to the fisherman who can enjoy it, as, knee-deep in the cool, purling stickles, he inhales the delicious scent of new-mown hay, not unheeding of the countless other delights of country life.

G. GARROW-GREEN.

AN ARAB PILGRIMAGE.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

ALL day long in the blazing heat the camels have come shuffling and slouching through the sand past Helouan, for the March full moon is here and five thousand Bedouins are making their annual pilgrimage to the Tomb in the Desert, where the Sheikh Abou Seria ("Father of Speed") fulfils the function of an Arab Lourdes. From far and near, with their families, their wives and children, their tents and goats, their plaintive piping reeds and their incessant tapping of drums, the procession has been struggling in since sunrise. Hundreds of donkeys trip beside the stately camels, and the separate lines of dust radiate like the spokes of an invisible wheel towards the great encampment just below Helouan, to merge later in the single stream that journeys forty miles south-east to the Tomb itself. To the music of this soft, gay piping the camels come swaying in beneath their enormous loads. Tents spring up over acres of yellow sand: camps are pitched, all separate yet all touching; the donkeys roll in the hot soil; the children laugh and play; the men, grave as the camels, sit round against the walls of bersim and water-jars and baggage that lie in heaps; and the women whisper to one another behind their veils how their little ones shall all be healed presently, and more—that the childless wives among them shall at last become mothers. At the Tomb of Abou Seria these things come to pass at the March full moon. It is a time of great rejoicing.

Shortly after dawn the first stragglers came in—fellaheen on tired donkeys; many, too, on foot. They came from villages on the other side of Cairo. For the poor travel slowly, and start first. The wealthy Bedouin sheikhs, swathed in white,

with circlets of gold about their turbaned heads, come later on their grand white camels, wives and retainers close behind them. And from dawn, all through the burning heat of noon-day and afternoon, the horde of fellaheen troop straggling in till the crimson sunset, dying behind the Lybian Desert, falls



HURRYING TO THE ENCAMPMENT.

on an encampment grown wide and deep. The palm groves along the Delta cast long shadows. The lizards sing among the dunes. The women start their wild and curious ululating shrill as an animal cry and hardly human. And suddenly the moon shows her huge yellow disc above the Mokattam Hills and draws a marvellous sweetness out of the Desert, sheeting the spread encampment with a silvery veil.

It is a wonderful sight. The camels seem twice their natural size among the piled-up fodder. Little fires spring up, built over stones. Voices are low; noises die down one by one—braying of donkeys, gurgling grunts of camels, bleating of goats and kids soon to be sacrificed. Groups gather closely round the fires, for the night air nips. Coffee is made in tiny china cups, and the gaunt heads of the camels thrust forward over the very shoulders of their owners. They chew and chew and chew. Those dark bundles in the sand, lying apart by themselves, are men already asleep, wrapped from head to feet in sheets of black and blue and white and yellow. No one treads on them. The bare feet go silently to and fro, picking their way so carefully. And everywhere dark faces gleam in the moonlight, eyes flash like stars and white teeth shine.

Little visits are paid from group to group. A bearded fellow with a face of night enters a circle where all are seated round the fire and coffee-pot. "Are you happy?" "I am happy because of your existence." "Coffee?" handing him a cup. "Coffee for ever," as he sips it slowly. We outsiders watch and stare and question, yet get no nearer to them. Centuries lie between. Their courtesy is perfect. They accept a cigarette, lighting it with flint and steel, offering the latter as a present that may not be refused. The young man, playing his reeds so softly to a group of listeners, hands them over to an admirer who has praised them, with "Please accept them from me." Behind, in the sand, men are praying on their knees towards



FELLAHEEN EN ROUTE.

Mecca. "Sing to us, kindly," asks an Englishman, who knows Arabic, of another man. The singer is shy, but only requires coaxing, and when the Englishman suggests a certain song, the other hesitates. "It is not pleasing that I should sing such a song before gentlemen and ladies." "They don't understand a word." "But I cannot do it. Whether they understand or no, I find it not pleasing." And, after this lesson in sweet delicacy, between the verses of a song he finally chants, always this question: "Does my voice please you, O gentleman?" Yet these are merely fellaheen, the peasant toilers of the Delta, who accompany the great Bedouin Pilgrimage to the Desert Tomb of Abou Seria, Father of Speed, one of Mahomet's generals. . . . And after midnight one or two of them rise quietly and resume their journey. "Our camels travel better in the night-time." Off they go, with their donkeys, goats and children, carrying all they possess in this world with them. The unmeasured desert swallows them. No sound comes back. They vanish in the moonlight as softly as they came. One thinks of that Bedouin who loved an Englishman, and paid him the great honour of taking him home. "I will show you my home," he said, and they travelled three days and nights across the desert. Beneath a limestone boulder he pointed to the ground. "Now you are in my home," he said, proudly, and with the stately dignity of a great Prince of the Desert. And the Englishman saw a little pile of ashes at his feet. It was summer, a tent unnecessary; the wife and flocks were away. This square foot of sand in the enormous wilderness was Home.



AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL WITH THE PILGRIMAGE.

In the morning, with the rising sun, the Bedouin arrive. Before Helouan is awake their white head-dress was visible far down the sandy waste that meets the fringe of Delta towards Cairo. But Helouan soon comes down to see. Few of them tarry here; they go straight through; the Bedouin do not like the people, houses, tourists. They resent the cameras, flourish their whips of buffalo-hide and trot past almost fiercely. There is scorn in their eyes, as they circle about their wives. High on their splendid camels, they have a regal air, making the great brutes turn and double as easily as horses, and shouting angrily if anyone goes near the water-sellers. This is their last watering-place before the Tomb is reached, and to trifle with a Bedouin's water is like trifling with his wives. And no wonder they wear this princely mien, for the whole Imperial Desert is their home. Upon the slower camels in their lordly train, sometimes four abreast, their women, all carefully veiled, sit with the little children. Some are hidden from sight in tent-like canvas, gorgeously striped and coloured. It sways to and fro with the enormous knee-stroke of the camels like a boat at sea. Solemnly the Moslem world files past across the sands. And we outsiders get no nearer, ask, stare, and follow as we may. The gulf is not bridged that lies between our minds and theirs. In vain we try, wondering what they think and feel, and what emotions hide behind those fine bronze faces. Their politeness veils it all, their own deep world; their courtesy screens revelation. They move, like the camels, at the pace of a thousand years, unchanging. We watch them across barriers, that is

all. Note that old man praying alone there, behind the munching camel. He has washed his hands and feet; his carpet is spread on the sand, and his shoes are off. Mind, heart and soul are concentrated. He is oblivious to the world about him as he bows towards the East and his forehead taps the ground.

As the moon rises higher and night becomes all white, the fun begins in earnest—Fantasia, as they call it, borrowing a foreign word. A couple of mounted police from Helouan come down to keep order and see that the few inquisitive tourists from the hotels are not molested. But their services are not once required. Only the little children trot round with their incessant demand for baksheesh. The Arabs take no notice of us outsiders, beyond making way when we approach, offering here and there a word of explanation or inviting us to drink coffee with them when we draw near to their fire-circles. The Fantasia grows fast and furious, while the crouching camels munch and the cries of goats and donkeys mingle with the women's weird ululating. In one corner a ring is formed and the band begins to play—two pipes and a tomtom. To the endless repetition of a single phrase, half melody, half chant, enters a Sheikh upon his Arab horse. The gold and silver trappings gleam in the moonlight. His head-dress shines; the horse's metal necklace chinks and rattles. Holding the reins in one hand, the other grips a staff with its point in the sand; round this he circles in and out, making a figure of eight, the animal taking its small steps proudly, neck arched, tail flying, head held gracefully erect. Suddenly the rider swings a gun round from his back, and fires it off into the sand with one hand; the people watch in silence; the horse prances out; another Sheikh enters the ring and goes through a similar performance.

In another direction a circle several hundred strong, packed close as herrings, sit round upon the sand, and a story-teller stands in the centre, reciting wonderful adventures with many wild gesticulations. He carries a waving stick, and his voice falls and rises with a wailing note. All those faces in the moonlight watch and listen with rapt attention. A burst of laughter comes, then exclamations of delight, then long-drawn "ohs!" Tales of Arabian Nights go floating across the desert air—towards another group, where the dancing-girls, who accompany the Pilgrimage from Cairo, are performing to yet another circle of onlookers.

Further off, upon the outskirts of the camp, rows of tall, shapely men stand waving their arms, swaying to and fro, bending their thin and graceful necks as they recite their songs, of a semi-religious, semi-erotic character, towards the East. They suddenly kneel and bow, then rise again; the singing goes on and on for hours, and from the distance the chanting of other groups comes in upon the breeze. It is a mournful sound. A few hundred yards outside the encampment these various chanting groups combine in a single tone that holds the monotony of wind blowing among the boulders of the desert.

And the Fantasia continues far into the night, while the moon climbs higher, the old Nile flows slowly by and the desert listens solemnly all round. Numbers sleep through it; here and there some rise up and disappear across the sand; everywhere are the outlines of the humped and pointed little tents, the grotesque heads and necks of camels and sheeted human figures passing softly to and fro through the moonlight. All know that strangers stand and watch them, but, while aware of it, they are utterly indifferent. The rejoicing is among themselves, no question of display or showing off for others. They simply do what they have done for centuries, and will do for centuries to come. A sense of something eternal, and infinite as the desert itself, rises from the camp. It stirs the blood. Somewhere in it there is a touch of awe.

At sunrise the tents are struck, and the entire mass moves on across the sand in single file, a procession stretching for miles. At the Tomb itself, two days later, to the light of a thousand camp fires, the Fantasia is renewed in full earnest. The animals are sacrificed. There is endless praying, dancing, singing, acting and the rest. Then all return the way they went. The Bedouin scatter again to their various resting-places in the desert-home. The camels come slouching and shuffling through the sands past Helouan.

What remains with me, however, is not so much the memory of their Fantasia and wild rejoicing, as the moonlit picture of the little families who left the camp to continue their journey beneath the stars. For the sight stirred old deep yearnings that every Nature-lover knows too well. So quietly they stole away into the immeasurable desert! All their possessions in this world they carried easily with them, and in their hearts this ancient Faith the ages cannot change. The camels padded off, veiled women in the swaying tents upon their backs. The silhouettes were strange and mysterious against the brilliant stars. Like dreams of a forgotten world they melted into the distance swiftly. Moonlight, sand and desert took them home.



THE exquisite tract of hilly country, well watered and well wooded, situate in the south-west corner of Wiltshire and forming the Fonthill estate has seen the rise and fall of several important houses. Held in turn by Giffards, Maundevills, Maudits, Moyns, Hungerfords and Mervyns, it became the property of that richest of eighteenth century English millionaires, Alderman Beckford. After a fire in 1756 he re-housed himself, in true Palladian fashion, in a great structure of which the square wings were connected to the square central block by colonnades. His eccentric son, best known as the author of "Vathek," deserted the low-lying classic house for one portentously designed by himself and Wyatt in the new Gothic taste. It was built upon a hill, and called an "Abbey." Neither of these houses survived him, and some years before his death he sold the estate, which was eventually divided into two. The eastern half became the property of Mr. Alfred Morrison, who made his home on the old low site, the building incorporating part—seemingly the north wing—of Alderman Beckford's building,

and facing the beautifully-wooded slopes of the park and the fine curve of the lake. Yet another house was to come into existence in later years. Along the northern part of the Fonthill estate there runs east and west an expanse of high ground known as the Great Ridge, while south of the hollow at its foot there swells up a parallel but lesser line of hill known as Little Ridge. The latter is finely timbered, and part of its south slope is included in Fonthill Park. Here at the edge of the wood, and in the extreme corner of the park, was the site chosen by Mr. Hugh Morrison for the house he wished to build. Of recent habitation there was no sign, though Man had used it long ago, for on Little Ridge are the remains of a British camp. In excavating for the foundations of the house, grindstones and vessels were discovered, and are now exhibited in the museum. On this ancient site it was decided to re-erect what remained of the old manor house at Berwick St. Leonard, distant about three miles, and Mr. Detmar Blow's professional advice was sought to bring to the old ruin a new life and yet retain the spirit of the old. Berwick St. Leonard is a parish



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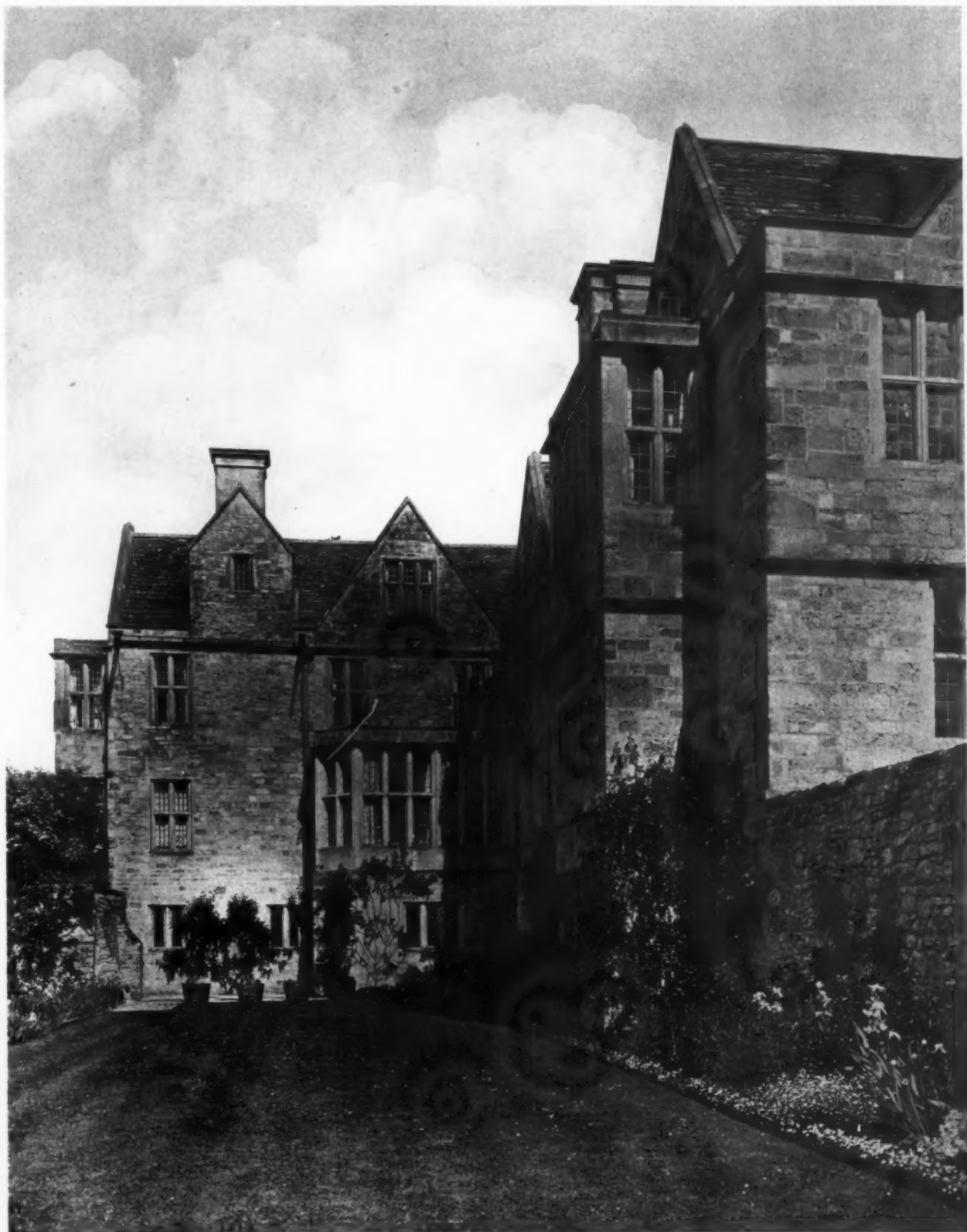
ENTRANCE FRONT

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which forms part of the Fonthill estate. There, in a hollow hemmed about with farm buildings, stood portions of a typical Wiltshire manor house of the Early Renaissance period, called by the country-side the King's House, from the fact of its having harboured William III. on his way up from Tor Bay.

Very interesting and apart are the houses of the local landowners of three hundred years ago. Those were

humble wing that house takes the shape of an unbroken oblong—indeed, very nearly a square with sides fifty or sixty feet long, each topped by three equal gables, twelve in all. The manor house of Berwick St. Leonard certainly had three gables on each of two sides, and was probably in plan something between Boyton and the larger Fonthill house of Elizabethan days, which the picture now above the library chimney-piece



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THE WING FROM THE BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

days when men built, in wide-spreading fashion, gabled houses of narrow span stretching out one room thick into an E or an H shape. But West Wiltshire, for its modest manors, occasionally even in this age, took to a more solid plan, setting rooms back to back. A typical example is Boyton, standing in the Wylde Valley, a little north of Fonthill, and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* on August 20th, 1910. Except for a very

at Little Ridge shows to have been a long building with a recessed centre and projecting wings. A charming house must have been that of Berwick St. Leonard when in its prime, and even when Sir Richard Colt Hoare of neighbouring Stourhead published in 1829 his sumptuous archaeological work, entitled "*Modern Wiltshire*," though merely used as a barn, it was in good enough condition for him to publish a plate of it, which is

here reproduced. But in 1905 it stood gaunt, roofless and derelict—merely an outside shell, and even of that, part was fallen and all decayed. The material, however, was the fine stone of the district, in good preservation and beautifully weathered by time. It was therefore decided that the remnant should form part of the new building, and be the model for the rest. The most accurate measured drawings were first taken of the irregularity of the old masons' work in order that this might be retained. Then each stone was taken down, labelled, penned in hurdles, removed to the new site and set up again in complete harmony with its former position and appearance. That this has been no case of "Love's Labour's Lost" will be the verdict of all those who compare the "ancient mansion" of Hoare's book with the south-west front of Little Ridge pictured side by side. The new house



ANCIENT MANSION AT BERWICK ST. LEONARD.

(Reproduced from Hoare's "Wiltshire," published in 1829.)

lacks such slight amount of rich detail as the old house possessed. The finials, for instance, that appear in Sir Richard's plate had gone, and no new and imitative ones have been set up. Good proportion and fine line alone are used to give a worthy and reticent effect to the exterior elevations. All detail was kept for within, where everything is new, and the hand of the designer and his assistant craftsmen needed to be held back by nothing but full

knowledge of precedent and the perception of congruity.

Long ago did fine buildings arise in this district so rich in worthy material, and thus the successive owners of Fonthill had little need to go beyond their boundaries to find the substance of their building ventures or the men to work it. Of the Elizabethan house there is no trace, nor, indeed, anything much earlier than the nobly planned and wrought gateway at the





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THE LILY POOL IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE FLOWER GARDEN FROM THE BASTION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

entrance to the park. It is in the full classic style introduced by Inigo Jones, and has been attributed to him. In any case, it is a worthy monument of its time, so enduring in its material and so excellent in its workmanship that it stands still in perfect condition, and will do so for centuries if the destructive rage of man does not fall upon it, as it did upon the Alderman's re-edified house to which it formed the approach. But as regards the sham "Abbey"—the ambitious but ill-conceived Tower of Babel planted on the hill by his son—so much cannot be said, for its own insecurity brought it crashing down in 1825, two years after it had passed out of its author's possession. Though no doubt the facilities for building offered by his estate may have been one of the causes that set William Beckford on the path of his Gothic extravagances, his building was an alien eccentricity, and not the natural product of the district, such as, in the highest degree,

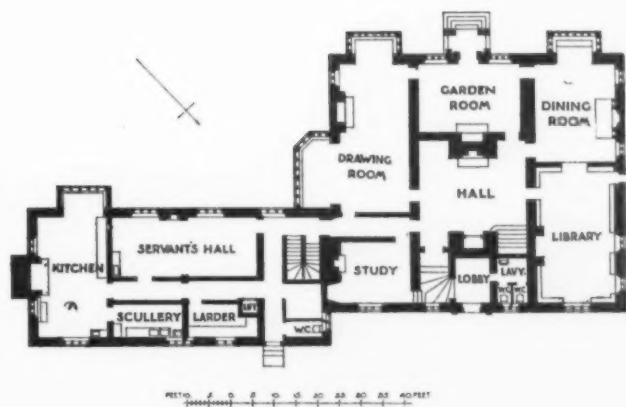


THE GARDEN ENTRANCE FROM THE HIGH TERRACE.

is Little Ridge. Here every care was taken that the work should be of the essence of the locality. Fine oaks grow in the woods, fine stone lies in the ground. In the neighbourhood is Chilmark, whose quarries were largely drawn upon by the mediaeval builders of Salisbury Cathedral. The Tisbury quarries, also belonging to Mr. Morrison, gave the substance of the fifteenth century manor house of that place, with its huge and splendid barn. Mr. Detmar Blow soon found that the tradition of the old building manner had not died out. The descendants of former craftsmen were there still, and Mr. Blow describes them as he found them. "Each a giant at his trade and often in stature, they hate to leave their old homes, and so they farm a few acres when building is not plentiful. When a very noble church tower was repaired close by, the mason was not addressed by his name 'Jim' or 'Neal,' but as 'Farmer Jim,' and once I heard this



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR.

friendly warning coming down the tower, 'Jim, thee must tap the rick, there be snowstorm coming.'"

Thus could Mr. Blow feel secure that the fragmentary skeleton of the Berwick St. Leonard manor house would be re-vivified and re-clothed as a modern house on a modern site and yet not lose its ancient savour. What it should be like his well-practised mind's eye could see. But that is not all that is necessary. How often a client, though thoroughly pleased with his architect's inviting plans and charming drawings, is yet much disappointed at the ultimate result! Somehow all the charm seems gone; there is something harsh, awkward and repellent that has been introduced, although, seemingly, the plan has been carried out. And this may not be the architect's fault beyond his falling in with the client's demand that the "job" should be "contracted" for and the lowest tender accepted without due enquiry made or even a passing thought given as to whether the builder and his men either have or are capable of acquiring any understanding of what the architect has in his mind. Thus tone and texture are missed; form is

very slightly but quite disastrously warped; there will be something in the laying of the stones and in the working of the timber that falsifies the whole original conception. And all the time the builder will be conscientiously satisfied that he is carrying out the specification to the letter. He will politely take no notice of the architect's reiterated explanations and efforts to make himself understood, treating them as the babble of a harmless lunatic. He will even assume the character of an injured innocent if the architect is ultimately driven to the use of "winged words." Assuredly an architect must realise that his work will be a failure if there is not some measure of mutual understanding and some sympathy of aim between him and those who execute his designs. No one knows better than Mr. Blow the difficulty of wedding the airy spirit of three centuries ago to the sturdy need of to-day, and no one has learnt how to overcome it more successfully.

At Little Ridge he realised that what he wanted was at hand. He had only to seek and find. Masons, carpenters, plasterers, some already knowledgeable, all quite receptive,



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FROM WITHIN THE GARDEN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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were collected, and the old-new house took shape excellently well. No attempt was made to reproduce exactly the old plan, and that which was adopted represents a new disposition as well as an increased number of reception-rooms. Much preparation was necessary in order to obtain, on the rapid descent of the ridge, not only a platform for the house to stand on, but a level for an approach at its back and a plat for a terrace at its front. The former was excavated; the latter was filled in and retained by mighty rampart-like walls reaching a height of twenty feet along the south-west edge. This work admitted of very extensive cellarage and office accommodation, and left the whole of the ground floor of the main block of the house for sitting-rooms. The entrance is in the centre of the north-east front, through a lobby and under a half landing of the stairs, and thence into the hall—a square room lit by the great windows of the main stairway. This, in Early Elizabethan manner, works round a central enclosed well, and is composed of solid oak blocks over six feet long. The picture of the first flight, with light from the window falling on the treads, fully represents the excellent effect. The windows themselves are seen in their entirety in the illustration of the entrance front. They are

four lights wide and five high, and are a transposition to staircase use of the ample fenestration used by Elizabethans for their great halls, such as Kirby in Northamptonshire. They did not form part of the Berwick St. Leonard manor house.

There, the staircase was on one side and the windows were arranged at levels to suit the landings as seen on the north-west elevation of Little Ridge, into which they have been introduced in accordance with their original position, though not used for their original purpose. The favourite Wiltshire arrangement of several equal gables to each side, of which we have given Boyton as a typical example, appears at Little Ridge on three elevations. But on the fourth, sufficiently recessed to the south to allow of the great drawing-room bay, a very considerable wing was added two years after the first building was completed. This wing descends on its south-west side to the natural ground level, and therefore has a fully-lit lower storey looking out on to the raised terrace or plat, lying in front of the main block and level with its ground floor, reached through a porch from the garden-room, the porch being fitted with a glass door very successfully designed in the William III. manner, as also is the wainscoting in the library. The recessed book-cases, the pilasters flanking



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THE GARDEN ROOM.

"C.L."

the marble mantel-piece, the cornice and beams with their dentel enrichment, give that reposeful dignity so right in a library. On the other hand, the dining-room is lined with oak panelling, with lightly-carved stiles, that recalls the days of the old manor house. A recessed cupboard, still standing in its ruinous walls, had formed a *cache* where a remnant of old panelling was discovered surviving. This was faithfully reproduced—Stephens, the joiner, with his men, carrying out the work to perfection by treating in traditional manner oak from trees felled long before in the park and seasoned in the estate yard.

No form of decoration was more popular in Wiltshire three hundred years ago than plaster-work, and therefore this was largely resorted to at Little Ridge. Not, however, in the form of exact reproductions of old examples, but in new designs founded on precedent. Mr. Stallybrass, who also acted as clerk of the works to Mr. Blow, was the chief craftsman and modeller. But he was assisted by most capable local men—by Charles Lamb and his son, of an old race of plasterers who could model and cast anything, and who, though seemingly spoilt by modern influences, were only too ready to be brought back to the right traditional lines; and so enthusiastic did they become over this effective but inexpensive form of decoration, that they perhaps outstrode



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PLASTERWORK.

C.L.

the imagination of their forbears in the craft. The birds and animals seen in several of the illustrations recall the delightful manner of mediæval beasts. Ceilings of varied and original design are to be found in most of the principal rooms. Such, in fact, is the only decoration existing in the drawing-room, whose simple white walls are the effective background for pictures and cabinets. Plaster, too, was used for some of the overmantels, recalling many an example dating from Elizabethan days, especially in the West Country, as at Plas Mawr in Conway and in several old houses in Barnstaple.

At Little Ridge the decoration and furnishing of the rooms is quiet and restrained, suitable to the spirit of the architecture. So, too, as regards the garden. The terrace plat on the south-west front is restfully composed of squares of grass framed by paved ways and with very little variety of vegetation introduced. But by its side, at a lower level and itself geometrically arranged on an inclined plane, is the flower garden. Water trickles into a rough masonry tank, to the delight of water-loving subjects. Formal ways of grass or paving, stepped where the levels need it, lead the visitor on between borders of herbaceous plants and beds of roses, lavender and lilies. Here, in a central circle, kneels a lead figure bearing a sundial. There,



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE STAIRCASE. "C.L."

at the further corner, rises a little domed garden-house, through one of whose arches, as the picture shows, is seen over a perfect sea of bloom the many-gabled, yet quietly-outlined, house set upon its massive platform, while beyond rise the tall trees and inviting groves of the wooded hill.

DOGS I HAVE KNOWN.

WHAT an endless vista the title conjures up, stretching away a great deal further than I can fit dates to them, and I can truly say that not one in the procession has failed to contribute his share of amusement or pleasure from any want of character.

Is there a more aggravating remark for a lover of animals to hear than "Oh, they're all alike! I don't see much difference between one horse—or dog—and another. If there is, I don't know it." The man who dislikes animals I can understand (and pity), for he shows at least *some* individuality; but the benighted observer who thinks all animals alike is only fit to be presented with two empty cotton reels to make pets of. This, however, is bad, rioting off the line, so "tally-ho, hoick," and let me paint my friends' portraits if I can.

In my early days I used to be allowed to exercise a fox-terrier puppy named Dash, belonging to a neighbour, on the distinct understanding that he was never taken off the lead. This understanding was faithfully adhered to, for the simple reason that Dash and I invented a splendid game of charging wildly down the street, the full length of the lead apart, to the imminent danger of anyone shaky on the feet we encountered, since the lead instantly wove itself round the victim's knees like a cowboy's lasso. This game was, I regret to say, stopped by the same policeman who had warned us at first, and I abandoned further interest in Dash. My sister next essayed the art of dog-keeping, being given as a birthday present a reputed Irish terrier. He was Irish, in so far as he mounted a green ribbon on his collar every St. Patrick's Day; but the rest of his pedigree were best confided to some scientific committee of research.

Tim is chiefly remembered in the family for having lost an eye as a puppy in a skirmish with an experienced cat, and also for the duels, reminiscent of the Military Tournament, that he fought with my youngest brother. "Man v. Dog" was generally the description of the *mêlée*, and the "man" almost invariably won, owing to the dog being disqualified for neglecting to draw off and retire to his corner on the umpire's call of "time." Tim's end was, I regret to say, tragic. The vet. who had treated him when he lost his eye had warned my sister at the time that the injury might eventually affect his nerve and make him uncertain-tempered, and so it turned out. From having been a very good-tempered dog, he took to growling at strangers, and, laying to heart King Robert the Bruce's advice to the spider:

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again,

he managed at the third attempt to make a slight impression on the calf of an old gentleman's leg. Thereafter followed, in due succession, a doctor's bill from the infuriated victim, a letter from the secretary of the flats where his mistress lived, drawing attention to a clause in the lease under which dogs were tabooed, and a visit to the lethal chamber of the Battersea Dogs' Home—R.I.P.

Well do I remember Nipper, the property of some dear friends in South Africa. He was born during the war, and his pedigree is best described as "taken by a man out of a blockhouse while the fighting was gradually diminishing." He was a most amusing little chap, and a tremendous stand-by to his mistress, who was very lonely during the many hours that her husband was necessarily away. He had a corner in the big "stoep" that all South African houses possess, and when he was not allowed out of doors used to take strong exercise by galloping round the stoep, finishing up with a run-in, best pace, to the drawing-room, where he flung himself exhausted into the lap of whoever was sitting in a certain low chaise-longue, a proceeding sufficiently disconcerting if you were not apprised of it beforehand. In his puppyhood one day, tiring of being a mere plaything, and wishing to do something really useful, he carried all his mistress's boots from her room into the hall, where he ranged them two and two for the inspection of any chance caller. Only the riding boots in their heavy trees beat him, and those he got to the door, where they lay half in and half out of her room.

My experience of shooting-dogs, regarded purely from the standpoint of sport, has not been a very happy one, as I could never afford to buy an expensive dog, and those I got cheap had always some failing so firmly fixed as to be ineradicable.

They ranged from Bingo—a spaniel, "who has been shot over," in the words of a former master, and who was so gun-shy that he could only be shot over if chained to the sportsman—to Pet, one of the handsomest retrievers I ever saw, and a most delightful companion. Pet had been parted with for running in to shot, a trick she had picked up through some carelessness of her handler almost at the end of her schooling, and nothing I could do would serve to break her of the vice. She fully answered her description of, "A black retriever bitch, retrieves quickly to hand from land or water," for she was off like a flash directly you fired, and if it were fur, before you had a chance to fire. She had a beautifully tender mouth, and would bring the game straight to hand; but she used to take my eye off the birds so successfully that I sold her. Poor Pet, I hope they made a pet of her in her new home, for she was useless as a gun-dog. Rough, an Airedale terrier I had for some time, comes to my mind as I write. If ever any living thing had character and a double dose of original sin, it was he. As a fighter, I have never seen his equal, and when, to cure this propensity, I muzzled him in the street, he would get across his opponent's back from behind and fairly buffet the wind out of him by banging him on the ribs with his great head, which he used as a battering ram. He was well broken otherwise, though it took many a lesson on my part to convince him that sheep were not brought into this world *purely* as playthings for a dog who wanted to take the fret out of his limbs. He was stolen from me last year, and all efforts to recover him have hitherto proved fruitless. They used to keep a pack of hounds in my regiment, though, unfortunately, before my time; and as instancing what I said above as to character, it was wonderful what a difference a change of Masters effected. The first Master, no matter the reason, had to give up, and his successor was duly appointed.

The first man, though an ardent sportsman and keen to show sport (which he did), was not a houndman, and I have been told by those who saw it what a marvellous improvement took place when Master No. 2 arrived. To a great knowledge of hunting he added a sympathetic insight into hounds' characters that was intuitive, and within a very short time one or two old warriors, who were quite unapproachable by a stranger, were pushing their noses into his hand.

I was greatly amused recently when out hunting to see the behaviour of a hound whom I always watch for his marked individuality of character. A couple and a-half of hounds rioted on a hare, among whom was my friend, Fetlar; with some trouble they were got back, and Fetlar, as was only right, received his due share of punishment as the ringleader, which he much resented. Just then, and before moving on, some idiot in the distance who had viewed the hare out of the roots holloed her away. Up went Fetlar's head like a shot, and I could see him debating with himself (as plainly as I can see this paper) whether a second riot was good enough! If that is not character, then I do not know it when I see it.

One more story and I must stop. Not long ago, accompanied by two terriers, I went into a corn-chandler's shop in a little sporting country town, where everybody keeps a dog of sorts, and most people walk puppies for the neighbouring Hunts as well. There, sitting on a sack of oats, enjoying a sun-bath, we met a cat which, at my urgent solicitation, both dogs consented to leave in peace. Having done my business I left, but missed the puppy, and returned. That misguided enthusiast, following a good Biblical precedent in Lot's wife, had turned back to make investigation on his own account, and I was just in time

to witness the cat's energetic protest against being made a subject of scientific research. The puppy retired puzzled, abashed perhaps, but not altogether satisfied, and subsequent

enquiry along similar lines only served to confirm his first impression that a cat who, unprotected by railings, resented his attentions must be an abnormality.

IGNOTUS.

GREY SEALS IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

THE nursery of the grey seal is well worth seeing, but it is not exactly easy to photograph. Of course, one can see these animals, like most others, in captivity, and the way in which they are now kept in the different zoological gardens, in surroundings very like their natural

haunts, lends additional interest; but, after all, it is impossible in any of these to give the feeling of unlimited space which is one of the chief characteristics of the ocean home of these amphibious beasts. Of course, the same thing applies to photographs of them; yet, for all that, there is a satisfaction in taking them at home in their wild state rather than in captivity.

I live in a district in which these animals breed, and yet, though I have tried for years to procure photographic records of the young

seals in the nursery, I have only just succeeded in getting a really good series. To begin with, the haunts of the parents are always outlying and somewhat inaccessible rocks,



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MAKING FOR THE SEA.

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YOUNG GREY SEALS.

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where the ocean swell heaves itself almost ceaselessly and makes landing difficult. Then, again, the season of the year at which the young seals are born is confined to a very limited period, which happens to coincide with the autumnal Equinox, and, consequently, with the equinoctial gales. This, of course, tends to make landing still more difficult, if not impossible. All this means that only once perhaps in several years do things so shape themselves that one can get a favourable opportunity of

working among these marine animals. This year, however, circumstances have so arranged themselves that on the second attempt it was possible to land and photograph the young quite comfortably.

On Friday, October 4th, we started for the Western Isles, and landed upon a rock which, as a rule, is selected by one or two mothers as a nursery for their young; but after a thorough search we had to give it up as hopeless, and what made matters worse was that our anchor, during our stay on shore, had become fixed in some manner among the rocks on the



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A WEEK OLD BABY.

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bottom, and had to be abandoned by cutting through the chain cable after about two hours' ineffectual attempts to release it. We then proceeded to another rock and landed. Scarcely had we done so before we heard the cry of a young seal right in our track and just above high-water mark, and I took several photographs of it. We found no more, however, on this rock, and proceeded to a third, and here we found four, all close together. The old seals had selected a most ac-

commodating

nursery, where a sloping platform of huge rock slabs shelved down at a very gradual angle towards the sea, and where the young could bask in the sun during the greater part of the day. These youngsters varied in age from what appeared to be but a few hours to about a week or eight days, and we were probably only just in time to get a shot at the biggest one, for they take to the water very soon after they are a week old. The adult seals give very little opportunity for observation, and less for photographing. They are very fond of basking in the sun on a rock out of the wind, where they will lie for hours, until



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THE NURSERY.

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their fur becomes quite dry and looks like that of a rough sheep. The rocks on which they lie and bask are such that they can float on to them at half-ebb, and immediately dive off in case of danger into deep water, and it is astonishing how quickly they hear the least noise which differs from that made by the murmur of the sea. Sometimes a single seal will occupy such a rock, while at others several will congregate together. I have seen considerable numbers, perhaps ten or a dozen; but a boatman told me that he once saw at least fifty, which, when they were disturbed, came with a rush down over the rocks into the sea, compelling him and his mate to keep their boat well out of the way for fear of swamping.

Their food is, no doubt, almost entirely composed of fish, which they catch with consummate skill. For years a huge seal was well known by the local fishermen from the fact that he would follow a boat and, time after time, help himself to the fish which had been hooked but had not yet reached the boat. This brute certainly had no fear of appendicitis, for he deliberately swallowed the fish with the hook and often a considerable portion of the line. A monster which can with impunity swallow fish-hooks can scarcely be troubled with an appendix!

But I think there is little doubt that the seal is fond of fowl as well as fish, for I was told only lately of an incident which certainly points in that direction. A lady was sitting upon the rocks near the sea and was interested in the movements of a seal in the water below. He kept coming to the surface in the usual fashion and looking about him, and then sinking again. This he had been doing for a considerable time when a gull came and settled on the surface close by where the seal had just gone under. Without any sign whatever from above, the bird, all in a moment, disappeared

beneath the water and was not seen again. This seems to show pretty conclusively that the seal had seized the bird from below, and, if so, with what purpose except as food?

Though, as a rule, silent creatures, seals are sometimes noisy and bark like a big dog. I was once engaged in a lonely spot on wave photography, when I was much surprised to hear what sounded like a big dog barking close to me. I felt sure no dog could be there, but was puzzled to know what it could be until I saw a large seal swimming about close by and barking

as described. Though it was very rough and huge breakers were tearing themselves into spray and thundering on the rocks, he seemed quite undisturbed by them, and his voice every now and again sounded above all the din.

Young seals also bark, though not in the deep bass of their parents; in fact, it is sometimes a plaintive howl, almost like that of a child in distress. They are also very pugnacious, for if two young seals which have been born a few yards apart are

put together they immediately begin to snap at each other, hissing and snarling in a most ferocious manner. The fur of the young seal is beautifully soft and silky, shining in the sun like white satin, but it soon becomes coarse.

It would be interesting if one could watch seals in the same way that one watches and photographs birds, in a hiding tent or a shed, such as Dr. Heatherley and I used for the peregrine falcons, but I am afraid that it is impracticable. The difficulties I mentioned at starting concerning landing, equinoctial gales, etc., make it a bit too risky, to say nothing of the long, cold nights which one would have to spend without any artificial heat. In May the nights are short and the hours of sunshine long, but in October things are different, so that I fear the actual watching and photographing of the adult seal in his ocean haunts will not be accomplished just yet.

C. J. KING.



C. J. King.

SNARLING.

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LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN reading *The Correspondence of Sarah Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870* (John Murray), it is impossible to avoid being struck by the very great changes that have taken place in society since the time when these charming letters were written. Lady Lyttelton was the daughter of the second Earl Spencer by his wife, Lavinia Bingham, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Lucan. She was fortunate in her parents. Her father was a country gentleman of the best type. A little punctilious, but good-natured in the extreme; a very keen sportsman, who looked forward to his partridge-shooting as to an event of the year, and to hunting as equally indispensable. Lavinia, Countess Spencer, is known to most by the fine portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and in this book the outlines of her character are filled in. She was very highly accomplished, a wit and an extremely outspoken one, and a clever artist. One of the most attractive features of this book are the little caricatures reproduced from her sketches. The frontispiece, showing Sarah Lady Lyttelton as a child, under the title of "New Shoes!" illustrates her spirit and charm. But her biting wit is best shown by such a cartoon as that of Edward Gibbon and Frederick Montagu, or the one of Lord Grenville listening to a new bishop—a study that would do credit to the most satirical of comic papers. The child of such a father and mother might fairly be expected to come into the world with endowments beyond the ordinary, and Lady Sarah

did not disappoint expectation. Her letters are frank and high spirited to a degree. Her sense of humour is unrelenting, and altogether the letters bear out the expectations raised by the portrait by J. Jackson, R. A. Her letters, written mostly to members of the family, are at the beginning the light-hearted notes of a girl full of character and moving in the most fashionable circles of the day. We have alluded to the vast changes in society which they indicate, but perhaps the most interest lies in the relative importance of the great themes of discussion in the early years of last century and to-day. In our time frivolous and fashionable talk is interlaced with meditations of very little importance. Excitement is got up about great matches in sport of various kinds, and the topics of the hour are very often the public scandals of the moment. But when these letters begin, that is to say, in 1804, the graver tones that occasionally are to be heard amid the gay chatter arise from the events that were taking place on the Peninsula. The Convention of Cintra was very unpopular in England, and Lady Sarah remarks in a letter to her brother Robert:

They say Ministers here were really quite glad of this dreadful fire at Covent Garden, as it gave the mob something to do, or they must have risen in riot, such is the general discontent at this infamous and unaccountable transaction. How I long for an explanation of it all which might clear Sir Arthur Wellesley! I can't bear him to get into any scrape after his most glorious battles.

We are proud to-day of having in many ways advanced beyond our predecessors, but much could with advantage be

given in exchange for that grave and serious tone which even the most frivolous used in speaking of the national affairs in the days before Victoria was born. The people of that generation had much less of the superficial refinement which is current to-day. Lady Spencer in writing to her daughter discusses many things which would now be regarded as unspeakable. Even the Earl, who is properly enough described by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham, the editor of this book, as "a most punctilious and respectable father," recounts, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, a gathering at a country house which certainly would be thought shocking in our times. It was the house of "our not respectable cousin Lord Robert Spencer." The honours were done by Mrs. Bouverie, "who is in more than one sense the mistress of that abode." Among the guests was her husband and three of her grown-up children. In addition there were a German baron and an American sportsman, who are described as being "very fit company for the host and his fair friend":

Papa saw several children playing about, but thought it most prudent not to inquire minutely into their birth and parentage, for fear of getting into some scrape in the style of poor Lady Duckworth at our Torquay dinner.

In those days the country was a kind of prison. Lady Sarah in a letter from Althorp sets out its inconveniences in her own vivacious style:

But oh, Bob, pity your poor Mam and Sis, when they will have to set out on a bleak morning, over such rough, splashy, squashy, jolting and jumbling roads as ours, to be tossed from place to place, returning all these visits—six, seven, eight miles from one to t'other; and when you get to the door, not knowing which to wish against most, finding the Lady at home, and having an additional hour added to the time you spend away from home, or finding her not at home, and having not a minute's respite from the jolts of the carriage. Shocking indeed are the various miseries of visiting.

Country society was probably much duller than it is to-day. In those times a man could follow one hobby and one pastime and be dead to all the rest. To-day the versatility of all his amusements is bound to lend a certain variety to his conversation. But let Lady Sarah describe a typical fox-hunter:

God knows some people do love fox-hunting in rather an inconceivable way. Believe, if you can, Bob, that there exists a young man, calling himself a gentleman, and I daresay pretending to a liberal education and a polished mind, who lives now at a little ugly cottage in the little ugly village of Nobottle; never can see or speak to any living soul except the day-labourers of the said village; never does read, write, or anything in the said cottage, but puts on his red coat to go out to hunt of a morning, take it off and go to bed at night, and probably sleeps on frosty days, spends the whole winter in the same profitable manner; and he calls himself a friend of Althorp's. I really longed to look at this man; and he dined here the other day. Of course, his society is, in my opinion, not quite upon a par with that of a whipper-in; the latter follows his profession, does his duty, and probably understands his business, and is, in short, a respectable person; but t'other. Oh, what a being!

Even with those who were not so absolutely absorbed as this man, fox-hunting was a very grave pursuit:

Althorp dined here yesterday, and is to-day gone back to London to caper about for another week or two: for the ball season is but just begun, and he is, as usual, *keeping himself down* for his hunters by dancing most perseveringly.

Some of the most amusing letters are written from abroad, where the accommodation provided would be thought desperate in our time. Lady Spencer describes it in her uncompromising way in a letter from Florence, dated November 30th, 1819:

It is wonderful to find in travelling on the Continent how soon all distinction of rank and sex is lost. We all now have got to that agreeable state of savage life; and only that we still keep up that rare and useless custom of washing and swathing, we should pig it as comfortably as they wallow in Italy, where regularly the Vetturino travellers, men and women, sleep in one room, and where by no chance at the inns where they stop, and where sometimes we are obliged to sleep, do you find looking-glasses, basons, bottles, or tables, for any toilet whatever, but generally four beds and two or three rickety stools for seats, and no other furniture whatever *à la lettre*.

Of Naples she says:

The misery, the filth, the stinks, the total absence of all interest, the inconceivable flatness of the society, the want of all object, and the ever-recurring nonsense of dress etiquette, and petty bickerings between the members of a small, idle and testy *corps diplomatique* and their various compatriots, make altogether the most completely unsatisfactory ingredients from whence to form a society I ever remember; but this opinion, my dearest one, keep to yourself, for I should dislike those that are with me to know how disappointed I am with this insipid residence.

It is not surprising after this to hear her burst forth, "Oh England! England! dear, clean, delicate, virtuous England, catch me out of you when once I get to you!"

Thus in all the outward signs of refinement the age was deplorably behind this, and yet we feel confident that anybody reading these letters with thought and appreciation will be very much inclined to doubt whether the superiority rests with us. In attaining to greater delicacy and higher ideals of comfort, we seem to have lost a good deal of the strength and

strenuousness which characterised the generation that witnessed the rise and downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte.

FANCY AND NATURAL HISTORY.

White Ear and Peter, the Story of a Fox and a Fox-terrier. by Neils Heiberg. (Macmillan.)

THIS is a book about terriers and hounds, horses and a cockatoo, foxes and fox-hunting; but the author commits the grave fault of reading into the animals human thoughts and emotions. Nothing could be more unnatural than the stable's leave-taking of Pretender, a worn-out hunter mercifully doomed to be shot. That the hounds howled in a chorus of lamentation when he was led away to be shot, and that the farewell of the fox-terrier brought tears into the eyes of the stud-groom and the keeper—this is sentimentality run mad, and altogether opposed to the dumb, incomprehending ways of animals, who differ from man most inasmuch as they do not "look before and after."

Babes of the Wild. by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Casell.)

THIS is a book that ought to amuse children as much and in the same way as a fairy-tale. Uncle Andy, who tells the stories of young wild things to the Babe, with fearless courage describes what takes place alike on the earth and in the depths of ocean. He would not be an ideal guide to one intent on a really serious study of natural history, but he is always interesting and amusing, and to him may be given the high praise that he reproduces the atmosphere of the wild. The book will make a very strong appeal to the little people for whom it has been written. The illustrations are striking, too, although, in many cases, instantaneous photographs might reveal weaknesses undreamt of by the artist.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Oddle and Iddle, the Goblins of Aloo Shamba. by Lily Collier. Illustrated by Joyce Crawshaw Williams. (Smith, Elder.)

Magic Dominions. by Arthur F. Wallis. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson. A.R.W.S. (Smith, Elder.)

BOTH these books are likely to find favour with their child readers, for both have something of that quality of lordly and undisputed inconsequence which is the "Open Sesame" to Fairyland. In *Oddle and Iddle* a less lavish use might perhaps have been made of the rather overworked device of changing the hero's size, but the South African setting gives novelty to the story, and the Shadow Fairies, the Echoes, the Fire Goblins and Felicity the Failure are all out of the beaten fairy tracks. The writer has a happy gift for the kind of description that appeals to children, as in "the Crown Prince, whose stare reminded me of the word 'glue,'" and "a dress that seemed to be made of water turned into silk." Here and there pretty effects are achieved by verse, as in the song of the dream-fairies:

Sleep, oh sorrow,
Until to-morrow
We are the heart's desire;
We are the thought by genius wrought,
When the soul is all on fire.

And in the song of the midday elves:

We are the silence
You can hear
From twelve to two
When the air is clear.

The author has not neglected to provide an occasional plum for the grown-up reader-aloud, who will appreciate such things as Oddle the philosopher's definition of war, "Activity to the verge of restlessness," and Iddle's of an individualist, "It means that I always mind my own business when I can spare time from other people's."

Magic Dominions is a collection of fairy-tales with a faintly Eastern flavour, but they run their course, on the whole, in the more ample and satisfying regions of the Never-Never Land. There is imagination and humour in the idea of laying upon a Princess a spell that caused her to fade away at the mention of the word "Prince," and in the plight of the magician who grew old and forgot his incantations, so that a vulgar and malevolent genie appeared, when he "only meant to order a little refreshment." There is plenty of ingenious incident and some lively dialogue in *Magic Dominions*, and both books are illustrated in the right fairy spirit.

NOVELS.

Mr. Cherry. by John Oxenham. (Everett.)

MR. OXENHAM has written a very amusing story of a man who retires on his pension after working for forty years in a big bank, and of the trials and difficulties which leisure brings to those unaccustomed to it. Our friend Mr. Cherritor, otherwise Mr. Cherry to all those acquainted with him, tries peripatetic philanthropy, gardening, joinery and conducting church enterprises as a valve for his superabundant energies; but these and other less ingenious occupations, such as speculation in old furniture and the active resistance to Church rates, do not re-establish his self-respect, and after a violent and ultimately fortunate flutter in mines, he goes into business with a local builder, and the results are eminently satisfactory to both of them. Among the people who live in the pleasant pages we meet Margaret, who had an appropriate hymn-stanza for every occasion, and Mrs. Cherry herself, an estimable lady settling down to the repose of late middle age. Others who pass across the stage the space at our disposal will not allow us to tell of.

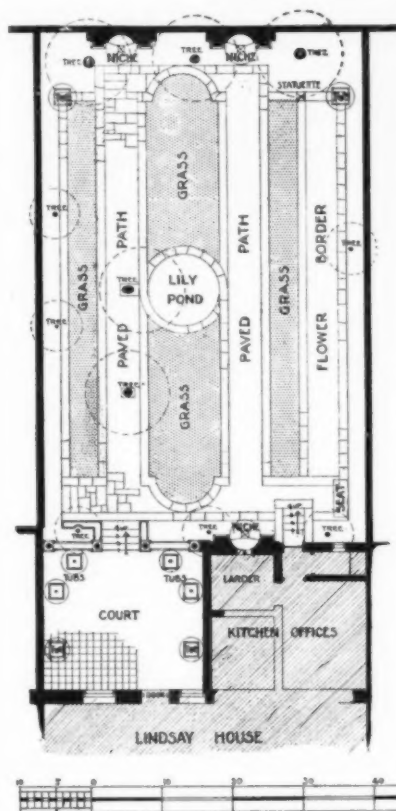
The Swimmer. by Louise Gerard. (Mills and Boon.)

MISS L. GERARD has written an exceedingly interesting novel. The swimmer of the title is Lisle Thornton, whose history, through a difficult and disillusionary childhood and womanhood, we follow with unabated appreciation of the naturalness, simplicity, and probability of its course and setting. Not until we approach the last chapters, and a satisfactory ending, do we realise how carefully and successfully Miss Gerard has planned the grouping of her characters, their influence on the life of her woman poet, and the effect of adverse environment on the sensitive spirit open to incalculable hurt. Lisle Thornton, though a difficult and variable character, is a heroine whose fortunes cannot fail to engross the reader who enjoys a novel that has a good story to its name.

IN THE GARDEN.

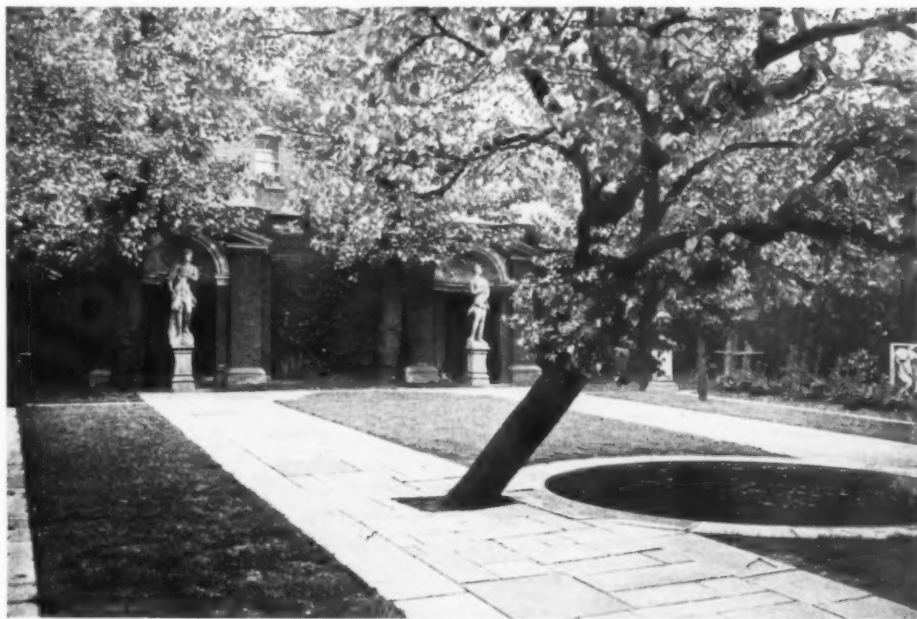
A TOWN GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH this page is concerned mainly with country gardens, the designing of a town garden is a no less interesting problem. It does not demand the application of very different principles except in so far as architectural elements may be more consciously displayed. The garden at 100, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the residence of Sir Hugh Lane, is a good example of what may be done in a limited space. The garden proper is divided from the paved space at the back of the house



THE GARDEN PLAN.

At the far end the old, uninteresting wall has been transformed by the building of two niches, which shelter statues in the classical manner. Reference to the plan shows a practical point in the provision of a narrow flagged path running up the east side, which gives access to the flower-beds on either side. The whole scheme is simple and unlaboured. Too often the makers of town gardens try to make up for the absence of a fine show of plants by an excess of sculpture which raises visions of a monumental mason's yard. Mr. Lutyens has shown a wise restraint, and the garden has a refined classical flavour without being stiff. When the borders are furnished at their proper seasons with such things as Arabis, spreading its bloom and leafage over the paving, and later with Carnations that will bring their brilliant array of colour, the garden will be complete. Carnations in particular are kindly to the town gardener, and in nowise turn against a soil that builders of many



AT 100, CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA: POOL AND STATUES.



by a simple colonnade of stone. Fortunately, there existed two fine trees, one a Mulberry of noble growth, and these make brave features. A sense of length is given to the garden by the wide parallel stone paths, the middle one of which is interrupted by a round pool.

generations have salted with brick rubbish. Indeed, the lime of old mortar is often a beneficent aid.

A BEAUTIFUL HYBRID FUCHSIA.

DURING recent years hybridists have devoted a great deal of attention to several species of Fuchsia, with the result that a new race of garden hybrids has been evolved. These hybrids, which closely resemble each other in many respects, are particularly pleasing on account of their graceful habit, pleasing colours and long, pendulous flowers, which are produced in abundance. Compared with the old-fashioned Fuchsias that used to be, and in many places still are, used for bedding, these new hybrids are much more satisfactory. One of the best I have seen is named Coralle. At Aldenham House Gardens, Elstree, a large bed of this early in October was very beautiful indeed, the plants standing some eighteen inches high. Each was freely bedecked with large clusters of coral pink flowers, which contrasted well with the soft green foliage. Such a bed would have been in good condition nearly the whole summer. This Fuchsia and others of its kind are not, unfortunately, quite hardy, but they can easily be lifted and stored in a cool, frostproof house for the winter.

A GOOD AUTUMN ROSE.

Now that the season for planting Roses is with us, it will be appropriate to draw attention to a beautiful but little-known Rose that is particularly good during the autumn. This is General Schablikine, a variety that is classed as a Tea, but which is as hardy as the best of the Hybrid Teas. It is a vigorous-growing Rose, and seldom fails to do well in almost any kind of



THE SCREEN AT 100, CHEYNE WALK.

soil. Its fiery, coppery red blooms are nicely, though rather bluntly, pointed, and are produced in great abundance. A bed of it in the third week in October was a mass of flowers, nearly all of which were good, and it does not mildew so badly as some varieties, though it cannot be said that it is quite immune. In addition to its autumn-flowering propensities it is a good summer Rose, and those who like Roses of this colour will find it an excellent variety for massing in beds. When cut and lightly arranged in vases, the blooms and buds are particularly pleasing, and look well under artificial light.

THE NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK.

It is difficult to understand why the charming little Night-scented Stock, known botanically as *Matthiola bicornis*, is not more largely cultivated, especially in those old-fashioned gardens where fragrant flowers are so much in keeping with the surroundings. For some weeks past a broad edging of this annual, growing in a narrow border alongside the house and near the door leading into the garden, has each evening filled the air for many yards around with its delicious true Stock fragrance. The lilac, cross-shaped flowers are produced in profusion, and the plants continue the display over a long period. It is true that during the daytime this annual is by no means beautiful to behold; but this is more than compensated when the flowers open early in the evening and emit a fragrance that is second to none in the garden. It is quite an easy annual to grow, and will thrive in any soil that is well drained. Ideal positions for it will be found around the dwelling-house, where there are, or ought to be, some narrow borders devoted to sweet-smelling flowers of various kinds. Indeed, three of our most deliciously-scented flowers, viz., the Night-scented Stock, Mignonette and Wallflowers, much appreciate the modicum of old mortar that is always present in such borders, and are therefore specially adapted for close companionship to the dwelling-house. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BALANCE-SHEET OF A SMALL GARDEN.

SIR,—I have a small kitchen garden, the total area of which may be an eighth or a ninth of an acre. It is rather broken up by buildings and paths, so that the exact dimensions are difficult to arrive at. The best part is an oblong facing south, 22yds. long by 11yds. wide. A 6ft. wall with an orchard behind protects the north side, and also the east end. There is a 5ft. privet hedge along the west end. Along this latter end also are four apple trees, with gooseberry bushes in between. There are some more gooseberry bushes along the south side, and a few beside a path going north and south. There are a low laurel hedge and a path along the south side outside the line of gooseberry bushes. When I took the house in June last I found the garden planted with potatoes principally, while there were cabbages, carrots and onions occupying what ground was left. I bought the garden produce as it stood for £1 18s. In addition to this I got some netting for the strawberry-bed for 2s. This £2 represents my total expenditure on the garden for the season. With the other things I got a number of young cabbages, cauliflowers, brussels sprouts and half-a-dozen vegetable marrow plants. I put the cabbages, etc., in the rows between the potatoes, and made two vegetable marrow beds in places where old manure had been deposited. Besides the apple trees there are a large walnut tree and two plum trees. Off these last I got no plums, as the trees had been allowed to become choked by the laurel hedge. It will be noticed how very unwisely the garden had been planted. Potatoes are quite out of place in a small garden in the country; French beans, peas

and broad beans would have been much more useful. The list shows what I have got out of the garden and the approximate value.

	£	s.	d.
Twelve large dishes of gooseberries at 6d.	6 0
Three baskets of strawberries at 6d.	1 6
Rhubarb, about eleven and a-half dozen sticks	2 9½
Potatoes, about 4cwt. (some eaten new)	1 3 6
Carrots—consumed, 2s. 0½d.; on hand, 3s.	5 0½
Lettuce—consumed, 2s. 9d.; on hand, 1s.	3 9
Apples—consumed, 65½lb., 10s. 11½d.; on hand, 48lb., 8s.	18	11	11½
Pears—consumed, 1s. 4½d.; on hand, 2s.	3 4½
Walnuts—1,025 at 4d. per 100	3 5
Vegetable marrows—consumed, 4s. 10d.; in hand, 11d.	5 9
Artichokes in hand	1 0
Leeks in hand	2 0
Greens—consumed, 6s. 0½d.; in hand, 12s. 6d.	18 6½
			4 15 7½
Deducting expenditure..	2 0 0

Net profit from June 1st to end of 1912 .. £2 15 7½

It will be noticed that the leeks, lettuces and artichokes are not explained. Young plants of the first two kinds were given me by a friend, and the artichokes came up of themselves. No mention is made of the onions, as the crop was a complete failure. The apples are nearly all eating apples of good kinds; the fourth tree produces large cookers of fine quality. They are put at 2d. per lb. all through. There is one large pear tree against the stable wall. As my garden is in South Devon, it no doubt gets more sunshine and warmth than similar ground further North. The soil is light and dries quickly, as the substratum is shellat.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE DITTANY, OR CANDLE PLANT.

SIR,—This interesting plant, introduced from Southern Europe in the sixteenth century, is still a favourite in those gardens where old-fashioned flowers are treasured. Botanically it is known as *Dictamnus albus*, but it is often met with in gardens under the name *Fraxinella*, or Candle Plant. As a hardy border plant it is known to everyone who gardens, but as a subject for the wild garden its virtues have been sadly overlooked. It was a happy inspiration that led to this plant being naturalised on a grassy slope in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley. There it is doing remarkably well, and throughout June and early July was one of the features of those beautiful gardens. The writer has seen this plant in its native habitat growing in half-shaded places in the lower slopes of the Balkan Mountains; but at Wisley it is growing with more freedom and produces a greater wealth of flowers than it does even in its native haunts. As a plant for the wild or woodland garden, as well as in more exposed positions, it should be extensively grown. From June onwards it produces its spicy-scented flowers, some white and others pale purple. The leaves also are fragrant, and when slightly rubbed emit an odour like that of lemon peel, but when bruised the odour is much stronger, and it has been described as a balsamic scent. Perhaps its most interesting character is that an ethereal oil is secreted by the leaves. This is very volatile and inflammable, so that on hot days the air around may sometimes be ignited by a flame and the plant itself burnt. The experiment should only be tried on a calm hot day or evening. The writer has often tried without success, but successful experiments by reliable authorities place the matter beyond dispute.—H. C.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE "STAB" PUTT.

RATHER a new stroke has come into vogue lately. To speak more accurately, it is the vogue rather than the stroke which is new. A while back, when Mr. Abe Mitchell was practising for the amateur championship at Westward Ho! one of the other combatants observed to me: "I do not like the way he putts; he stabs them all." "No," I said, "and what's more, you'll like it less if you come to play against him." As it so happened, this objector actually did have to play Mr. Mitchell in one of the early heats, and was severely beaten and confessed to me at the finish: "You were right. I dislike the way he stabs his putts much more than I did; he stabs them all into the hole."

That was all, at that time. Now, watching the play of many of the professionals, it is to be seen that a good many of them are beginning to hit their putts somewhat in this way, with what I have called a stab. The peculiarity of this stroke is that after the club has struck the ball its head goes on rather downward and hits the ground, instead of following through in the direction of the ball's travel. This is what happens in Mr. Mitchell's putting, and it is what is happening with the putting of an increasing number of the professionals. I find also that it has been picked up by many of the amateurs who watched their performance at the last open championship at Muirfield; and it is morally certain that with these great examples before its eyes the golfing world, which is very apt at the sincerest of all forms of flattery, will putt in this manner more and more.

It is only natural that little men should try to follow out what they see big men doing; but, for all that, it is not quite

certain to what qualities men owe their greatness; and it is, moreover, very curious how different are the opinions on the subject. Thus one man who, though not a great golfer himself, has intelligently watched a good many of those who are, astounded me by saying that he thought the department of the game in which the professionals especially excelled the amateurs was in their putting. I, on the contrary, should have said that it was just here, on the putting green, that the professionals showed their common humanity with the rest of us and made quite their share of errors; and this, I believe, would be the general opinion of those who have seen most of their game. They drive wonderfully accurately, and very far, and play through the green and right up to the hole with far more than amateurish force and precision; but when they come to the green they are much as other men. That, I think, is the common estimate of them; but I mention this exceptional opinion just to show what difference in judgment there may be.

Now, as to this stab stroke, it is evident that, if the club-head, after striking the ball, goes on a little downward to strike the ground, it must have been travelling just a little downward before it comes to the ball, and it is in this that the slight difference from the ordinary stroke consists before the meeting of club and ball. It is not by any means as obvious as the striking of the ground by the club after the ball is gone, but perhaps it is even more important, because, of course, the important point of all is the direction of the club-head's travel at the moment of the impact. This downward movement of the head at that moment cannot but have the effect on the ball of putting a slight back-spin on it. It is a downward blow on the hinder

part of the ball—on the hinder part, that is, relatively to the direction of the hole. It has, in fact, an effect very analogous to that of the *massé* stroke delivered by a billiard cue on a billiard ball.

In the bygone days we used to see some of the old masters putting with a cleek and getting a lot of this same back-spin on the ball by hitting it, with the laid-back blade of that club, rather below the centre. That was a stroke analogous to that of the billiard player who hits his ball low in order to put on the under-spin. Now, long after this method of putting has been abandoned by every golfer of importance, we find ourselves coming back to an age when the like effect is being produced by quite different means.

One of the results, as it was one of the purposes, of giving the billiard ball that under-spin was to make it travel truly, and with no deviation from the line, up the whole length of the billiard table. It was a stroke that was especially useful when the table was a little untrue, because the under-spin tended to keep the ball going straightly. It would wander far less thus struck than a ball going at the same slow pace without this back-spin; it was possible, moreover, to hit the ball far harder with this spin on it. The golf ball is not so true as the billiard ball, nor the green of turf as the green of cloth, but the dynamical principles cannot alter, and we may infer that a golf ball sent with this under-spin will travel more truly over the uneven surface of the turf than one which has none of this spin and it may be hit harder. Those are the good points about this stroke; and perhaps the second is of more practical value than the former; but surely if the stroke has these qualities it has at least all their defects.

Supposing that the club-head, instead of coming down thus straight, so as to give the ball the under-spin directly in the same line as the line to the hole, comes down a little bit off the straight, and so gives the spin not quite truly on the right line! The result is that what at billiards is called "side" is imparted to the ball, and the ball will sidle away off every gradient and excrescence which lie so as to help the effect of the side-spin. It is, of course, obvious that it must be so; but

lay along the lines of the smoothly-hit putt, with the head of the club travelling for as long as might be in the line on which they wished the ball to start.

H. G. H.

AN AUSTRALIAN COURSE.

IF a company of golfers were to look at these photographs without seeing the name written below, it would be rather interesting to hear the various guesses as to the course depicted. Sandwich would gain some guesses, I fancy,



THE APPROACH TO THE CRATER GREEN AT SEATON, NEAR ADELAIDE.

and so would several other of our seaside courses that are famed for their tall hills and vast Saharas. All these guesses would be wrong, since the course is that of the Adelaide Club, which is at Seaton, quite close to Adelaide; but they would be well justified for all that. Was there ever anything that looked more like a splendid natural seaside course? The rushes, the sand, the broken ground have at once a delightful and alarming appearance. I have just been reading some literature on the subject of the course, including some letters of the secretary, Mr. Rymill, who is a true architectural enthusiast, if ever there was one, and the alarm I felt on seeing the pictures is enhanced by my reading.

The course, it appears, is over six thousand two hundred yards long, and, according to one critic, the ground at Seaton is very slow, so that the course may perhaps be accounted a little longer than it appears in yards. Then here is a description of the crater hole, which is the most famous on the course: "The tee shot is played from a raised tee in the middle of a large expanse of water, which extends for 50 yards or so in front, with the pot bunkers to left and right, and from there an iron shot should lay the ball on the green in the middle of a deep crater, the walls of which are sand and the floor, outside the green, thick rushes and water." This hole is only three hundred and ten yards long, but nobody can say that it sounds too easy. It is particularly interesting to a Cambridge golfer to find that there is at Seaton one hole which has been modelled on the third hole at that very charming but comparatively remote course, Mildenhall. Just as Boston or Melbourne have become

infinitely more famous than their quiet little namesakes in England, so it is probable that this Australian hole will be a great deal better known than its prototype in Suffolk. It will scarcely, however, be a better or more difficult, though it has perhaps something the advantage in length. Australia has at least one other very good and sandy course, at Sandringham, the home of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club. That, too, as depicted in photographs, looks very fine golf, but perhaps not quite so big and bold and superbly natural as Seaton. B. D.



FINE GOLFING COUNTRY.

I do not speak theoretically only. One sees it so happen. Even Mr. Mitchell's work itself gives reason for disapproval. When he is stabbing the putt quite straightly the ball goes truly enough, but when he is just a little off the straight the side-spin given sends the ball sidling off, as it is evident that it inevitably must. That is the danger. In my humble opinion it is a danger which makes the stab game not worth the candle. I believe the wisdom of our ancestors was better inspired which persuaded them that the way of salvation

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DORMOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—On September 17th we set off to visit the nest of a dormouse which we had discovered empty but completed a fortnight previously in a tangle of bramble and sallow about five feet from the ground. As we approached we were delighted to see the familiar head peep out, and after a glance in our direction, out sprang a full-grown dormouse, which ran quickly up a branch until at a height of about nine feet, when she sat and looked at us with her prominent black eyes. We tried to catch her, but she nimbly sprang from branch to branch like a young squirrel and we were unsuccessful. In the meanwhile a young dormouse left the nest and climbed up another branch, closely followed by two more. A fourth chose a downward branch, and we lost him in the thick undergrowth. The three previously mentioned were the most delightful little fellows, and this was evidently their first view of the outer world, but they climbed splendidly until they arrived near the end of the branch, when all three, having reached the limit of their tender endurance, went to sleep. This they did repeatedly, and on placing them on another branch they would run nearly to the end, when they would all sink into a peaceful slumber, quite irrespective of position. They certainly deserved the expression "sleepy as a dormouse." After they had posed for the camera we returned them to their nest, where they remained for a few more days.—E. WILFRED TAYLOR.

FUNGI AND FERNS IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Reading in the *Times* of Friday, October 4th, the startling announcement that "mushrooms, or fungi exceedingly like mushrooms," were to be seen growing on the bole of one of the trees at the back of Carlton House Terrace, I hastened thither that afternoon, only to find my suspicions confirmed as to their being fungi and not mushrooms! Mushrooms have been found in unlikely spots, even in St. James' Park and other parts of London, but never on trees! I have—some fourteen years ago—gathered them even from the sandy mule-tracks at Perez de la Frontera, Spain. But far more interesting than fungi growing on trees in London are ferns growing out of stone walls on the Victoria Embankment at Charing Cross! Small specimens of bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) may be seen growing on the east side of Sir J. W. Bazalgette's mural monument on the north wall facing Northumberland Avenue.—P. CLEMENTI-SMITH.

THE LATE SWIFT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. P. H. Jones, in your last week's issue, asks whether the three swifts seen by him at Seaford on September 10th last constitutes a record. No; although distinctly a late occurrence for these birds, even in this abnormal year, this is not by any means the latest date recorded in England. I myself saw a single swift on Willingdon Hill, near Eastbourne, on September 13th last; and in 1906 Mr. F. A. Knight of Wintrath, Winscombe, Somerset, recorded having

seen two swifts flying along the north side of the Mendip Hills so late in the year as September 30th. These birds were flying east in company with a large number of swallows and martins. In forty years' observation, Mr. Knight stated, he had never seen swifts at so late a date. A correspondent of the *Field* recorded in the year 1903 that on October 3rd he saw one of these birds being carried by a cat in Cambridge. The bird was quite alive, and had, no doubt, been captured that day. This is the latest date of which I have a record of this bird being noted in England, a belated straggler would not, however, surprise me.—H. A. BRYDEN.

A COUNTRY MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may interest your zoological readers; it is of the nest of the common field-vole and is a very fine example, for though I have several times found them, I have never found one so perfectly formed before. They are very curious and are constructed by the vole selecting a thick clump of coarse-growing grass and bending the blades over, interlacing one with another, and where finer grass is required for binding purposes, splitting the coarse grass with its teeth and claws. The nest, as the example shows, is almost a perfect dome in shape. When complete, apparently there is no means of entering or leaving the nest, and it used to be supposed that the vole opened and closed the nest every time on entering or leaving it; but if an old nest is examined, it will be seen there is a narrow tunnel commencing seven or eight inches from the nest proper, bored right through the intervening roots and grass to the nest, which is entered from beneath—at least that is the opinion I have formed from observation. There seems no doubt these nests are formed by

the true vole; they are always found in marshy and boggy places, and never very far from the water of either ditch or dyke. The "beasties," when I have seen them running about, appear to be about five inches in length, dark reddish-brown colour on the upper parts, and ash colour underneath. The nose is more obtuse than the fine-pointed nose of the ordinary mouse, a marked characteristic of all the vole species. I have always had the belief that both voles and field-mice were entirely herbaceous feeders, but this summer I found a lark's nest, with three lark's eggs and one cuckoo's egg in, and on going to the nest a week after to photograph the young, the cuckoo's egg was missing and the three lark's

eggs were slightly cracked and empty (the lark was sitting on this useless collection when I got there). I thought someone had taken the cuckoo's egg and replaced the lark's eggs with substitutes, but a friend who was with me, on searching about, found the cuckoo's egg with the end nibbled open and empty, right in the "run" of a mouse's nest. We both came to the same conclusion—that the mouse had rolled the egg away from the lark's nest to its own and then eaten the contents at its leisure, which proved conclusively that this individual mouse, at any rate, did not mind eggs "for a change," and, incidentally, added one more to the already long list of the enemies of bird-life.—J. PILKINGTON.



THE THREE SLEEPY ONES.



A FIELD VOLE'S NEST.

A CHURCH BELL SUPERSTITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am wondering whether by any chance any of your readers will have heard of a curious superstition with regard to a church bell "dragging" or "moaning" when being rung. A very old inhabitant of this village insists, as an absolute fact, that for many years a death has invariably followed soon after her hearing the bell "drag." I know that she has often told the maids of the bell, and that a death (sometimes quite unexpected) really has followed; but, of course, I cannot see why there should be any connection.—M. DAWE, Beverley.

A DOUBLE EXECUTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a rabbit and a stoat, both caught by their legs in a trap. The former was dead when found, but the stoat was alive. How it happened that both were caught at the same moment may perhaps be explained thus: The stoat was after the rabbit, which popped through the hedge where the trap was; the stoat sprang at him at the same moment and both were caught.

A fraction of a second later would have saved the stoat.—F. M. SUTCLIFFE.

THE GLOSSY IBIS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—While out partridge-driving last week in the neighbourhood of Balsham, Cambridgeshire, one of our party shot a bird which appeared on examination to be a perfect specimen of the glossy ibis. Can you tell me if these birds are frequent visitors to this country, and if there are many records of their having been shot. The bird in question was flushed close to a small pond.—B.

SPARROW-HAWK AND MOORHEN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—On October 13th, when out with two friends, I saw a moorhen flying across



HUNTER AND HUNTED.

a field uttering loud cries of "distress. Some distance behind was a sparrowhawk, flying very low, carrying something in its talons and closely pursued by two crows. These hustled the hawk to such good purpose that it dropped its burden, which we picked up and found to be a fine specimen of a moorhen, weighing fifteen and a-half ounces. It had apparently been stunned, as no marks of violence were visible. This incident appears remarkable to me, but perhaps you have heard of other instances of the sparrowhawk preying on the moorhen. I believe that when a sparrowhawk attacks any of the larger birds, such as a pigeon, it is generally at a time when its normal food is scarce, but in this case there was an abundant supply of such food available. The action of the two crows makes me wonder whether they mistook the moorhen for one of their own species, or whether they have an alliance with moorhens and other birds for mutual protection against the common enemy.—H. SYMES.

WEEKABOROUGH OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have lately had convincing evidence of how very slowly oak trees alter in appearance

after they have reached a certain age. About a mile from Berry Castle, on the way to Ipplepen, there are four cross-roads, with an old oak tree at their meeting. As a boy I lived at Coombe House, in Coombe Fishacre Village, not far away. I was naturally most interested in Weekaborough Oak, as it is called, for the tree is hollow and blackened inside by the fires of tramps and gipsies; consequently, every detail of the old oak is most clearly stamped upon my memory. I have lately, after an absence of just forty

SCARCE ALTERED BY THE PASSING YEARS.

years, revisited this tree, and, to my astonishment, can find not the least alteration in its appearance. The hollow trunk and all the gnarled and twisted branches look exactly the same as they were all those years ago. I am sorry that I can discover no romantic history connected with this old tree, except the usual legend that Charles II. hid among its branches. The small hamlet of Weekaborough is shown on the Ordnance Map of South Devon, and the cross-roads are just beyond, towards Afton and Berry Castle.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

AN OLD MILL IN SARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Such a mill as the one shown in COUNTRY LIFE of October 19th is surely an apple-crushing mill for cider-making, the resulting pulp being transferred to the press. I have seen several of these communal mills in the Department of La Manche. The one I most distinctly remember is at Morsalines, a very small seaside village near St. Vaast-la-Hougue.—CHARLES MANNDRELL.

JAPONICA APPLE JELLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you could send me a recipe for making japonica apple jelly. It appears as if there are two distinct varieties of this japonica apple—one much larger than the other. I have both growing on my house. Are they both edible as jelly? I am told a lady who last rented this house made jelly from them, but I cannot get the recipe. They are mostly bright yellow, but very hard, and I doubt if they will ever get soft, last November they were very hard even then.—V. BARKET-MILL.

[Miss Jekyll answers this question as follows: "The fruit in question, that of *Pyrus* or *Cydonia japonica*, should be called Japanese quince rather than Japanese apple. It makes an excellent jelly, for which the following is a good recipe—the green and the yellow fruits can be used alike: To one gallon of fruit put one quart of water in a stoneware jar. Let it stand one day and one night in a slow oven. Strain the juice without any pressure through a flannel jelly-bag. To every pint of juice put one pound of sugar. Boil fast in a preserving-

pan for twenty minutes, skimming carefully all the time"—ED.]

WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIERS AS RATTING DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Seeing in COUNTRY LIFE the account of the proceedings of a ratting club, I thought it might interest you to know that we killed 430 rats last year with my West Highland White terriers.—P.

TERRIER AND FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph I have taken of a fox-terrier and a fox. The fox is a Highland fox caught by one of the gillies as a cub and kept as a pet.—F. AGG.



SWORN FRIENDS.

AN OLD-AGE PENSIONER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a snap-shot which may interest your readers. Taffy, the Welsh pony, aged eighteen, is now enjoying a well-earned repose after a strenuous career as factotum to a family of seven, most of whom had their first lessons in the art of riding on his back. Jinny, the donkey, is twelve weeks old, and blissfully ignorant at present of a similar fate which awaits her at the hands of her youthful owners.—M. A. BATT.

WILD BIRDS IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As from time to time your columns record facts and interesting incidents of bird-life, it seems worthy of note, perhaps, that here, close to Lancaster Gate and well within the four-mile radius, we have been awakened on four nights recently by the cries of a brown owl. Judging by its notes, the bird is one of this year's, and its cries as they echo over neighbouring roofs strike one as most eerie. Presumably this is so on account of the strangeness of it all, as, personally, an owl's note is not displeasing when heard in its native haunts. Both barn and brown owls breed in Kensington Gardens, which are very close at hand; but the bird must cross the well-lit Bayswater Road and brave other lamps close at hand, finally settling upon the houses themselves, as there are no trees available. A friend whose house abuts on to the old Paddington Burial-ground—situated over half a mile away—has also been awakened recently by an owl. A few weeks ago, at Chelsea I believe it was, the owner of an outside aviary found each morning several of his birds with their heads missing. Being quite mystified as to the identity of the delinquent, a trap was set and a brown owl caught. This incident possibly explains one which puzzled me considerably, viz., that a pet goldfinch placed close to the open window was one evening found at the bottom of its cage in a dazed condition and with all the flight-feathers of both wings out. It seems, then, that, following upon separate and



OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

permanent invasions by starlings, wood-pigeons, carrion crows and seagulls—London is to be a stronghold of yet other feathered bipeds which it would seem have fallen to the attractions of the metropolis. It may be added that during recent years starlings have built in houses close at hand, which is unusual for this neighbourhood; in fact, so far as my observations show, the birds within London proper invariably keep to the trees. This spring also carrion crows fed their young on surrounding roofs. Perhaps, however, it is an intelligent anticipation of coming events, for, thanks to the various authorities not taking any steps to combat the plane tree scorch, it certainly appears probable that next year will witness the death of a large number of plane trees within London's boundaries.—W. P. K. NEALE.

LITTLE WARRIORS AT WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Our wood is generally deserted except by impudent rabbits and acrobatic squirrels, who smartly scurry off at our approach; but last Sunday we had a vision that made us wonder if its suggested enchantment might not, after all, be real. There was a fairy-like air of mystery, framed, as it was, by the giant-like arms of the nearer trees. Nothing seemed quite real, probably because it was so beautiful, and in a little open glade we saw a number of camp-fires, and round about them were gathered not "brownies" or knight-errants, as the golden, unreal haze suggested, but very human Boy Scouts, busily tending their little blaze or fanning it with their hats. It was an unforgettable and picturesque scene, for the boys and the wood all harmonised so together; their clothes repeated the autumn brown of the leaves, and the slowly curling smoke from their fires mingled gently with the mellow haze. Had there not been a convincing and rather sharp-set bustle about the preparations, we might have thought we had strayed into some enchanted land. But the rations were all ready—beef, cabbage and huge slices of bread—and the water was boiling in the "billies" to cook their midday meal; also church parade in the morning and strenuous work with a cart afterwards had considerably sharpened appetites. Later on, when the fires had been carefully put out and scattered, there was some exciting scouting, and hidings behind trees and stealthy stalkings were to be seen. At 3.30 the patrol leaders formed up to march to the shooting range, and we saw the last of our picturesque wood visitors. How happy they had been all day, and how interesting this mimic warfare had been to us. If only this were all!—CARINE CADBY.

CRAB-APPLES AS FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For years the crab, or wild, apple has been used as food for cattle and pigs. The apples were especially gathered as food for the latter as soon as they began to fall. Both cattle and pigs "go fair wild" over them; turn a cow into an orchard, and she will not eat anything but wind-fallen apples. An old farming man told me that crabs were good for body and mind, and in his opinion there was nothing better than "a smothered crab" to eat. There were people who gathered them to smother, and then they made the best of jam and crab-sauce with them. The smothering process had to last at least a month; while at Christmas they were "prime" to eat, many preferring them to winter apples.—T. R.



SCOUTS IN THE WOOD.



A MIDDAY MEAL.